Week ending June 5 1948

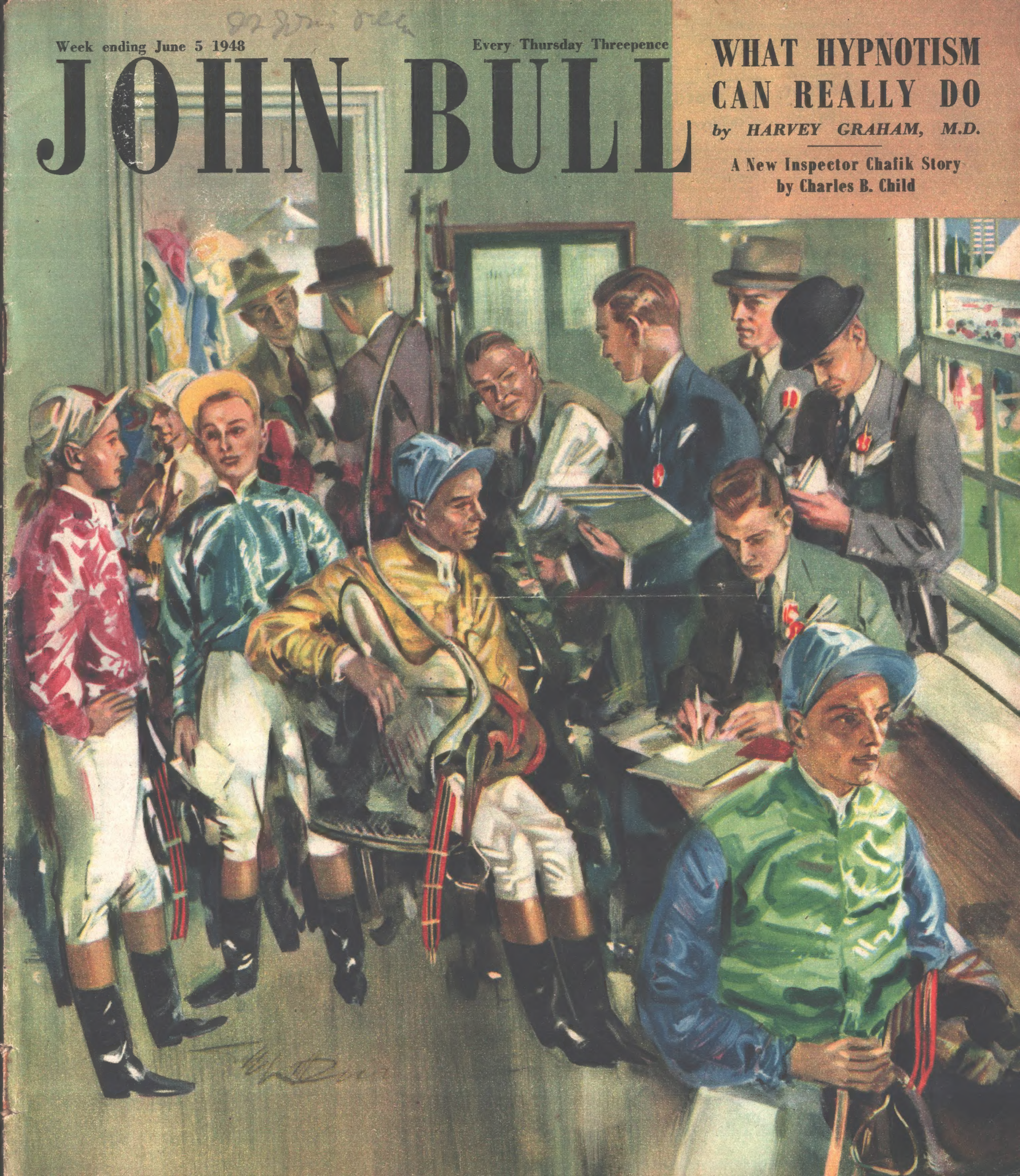
Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

WHAT HYPNOTISM CAN REALLY DO

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

A New Inspector Chafik Story by Charles B. Child



hints for mothers on planning children's meals

Whereas grown-ups need food chiefly to keep them going, children need the right foods to keep them *growing*, as well. That's why youngsters over five still get priority for milk — an all-round growth-promoting food. From eleven to eighteen they get extra bread and flour which not only help to satisfy appetite but supply some body-building nourishment, iron and the B vitamins they need. Children must, of course, have all their rations and allowances. No giving part of their meat ration to father for instance, or letting priority milk find its way into the family teacups!

The foundation of children's meals

Try to plan each meal round one of the body-building foods. These, to remind you, are:

1. Milk, meat, fish, eggs, cheese.
2. To a lesser degree, dried beans, peas, oatmeal, bread and flour.

The best way is to help out foods in the first list with any of those in the second list — *at the same meal* — even in the same recipe (examples: porridge and milk, meat-and-dumpling stew, bean-and-cheese rissoles). One reason is that the human system makes the best use of body-building foods when they are spread evenly throughout the week. Another is that the foods in the second list yield more of their own body-building nourishment when combined with any of those in the first list.

Fish for main meals

Remember "Where there's fish there's a good meal." All fish contains just the same quality and almost the same quantity of body-builder as meat. Herrings are particularly good for children, because these cheap and nourishing fish are rich in calcium and vitamin D, for sturdy bones and good teeth, also in warmth-giving and energy-giving oils Buy them whenever you see them.

Using children's points

Use most of the points in the Blue Ration Book for canned fish or meat, dried egg, tinned milk, dried or tinned beans and peas.

What about vegetables?

Children need ample vitamin C for growth, health and to guard against infection. Besides lightly cooked greens, and fruit when available, they should have salads of raw shredded green vegetables every day. These should be well mixed with dressing to make them enjoyable. Salad sandwiches are delicious — and easy to cope with for the younger children.

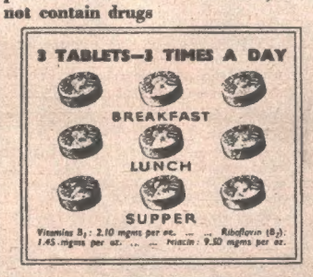
Important for young workers

While children at school get their school milk, youngsters out at work need their National Milk Cocoa every working day! This nourishing drink is available to all young people up to twenty-one, at their place of employment, and in Youth Clubs.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S.197)

"My meals *do* do me good!"

Yeast releases energy from other foods! Three tablets of Yestamin Daily Yeast with every meal helps you to *positive* health. Yestamin Daily Yeast, a splendid combination of proteins and the B Vitamins, does not contain drugs



AT YOUR CHEMIST

100 TABLETS 1/6 • 300 TABLETS 4/-

YESTAMIN
Daily Yeast

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT

The answer

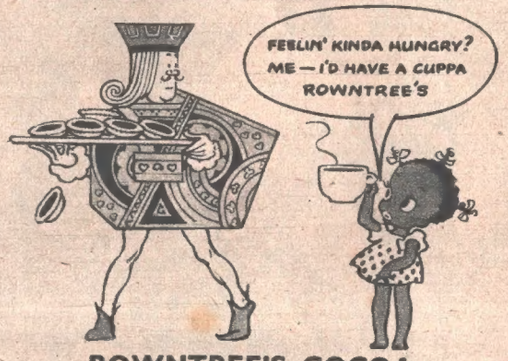
to many everyday problems

lies in making the fullest use of

the service of the

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

HONEYBUNCH AND THE KNAVE OF HEARTS



ROWNTREE'S COCOA

So grateful—so genial—so GOOD

high or low?

Glamour with high heels, comfort with low—we all know that! Trouble is the weather—and the unforeseen invitation that might catch us on the wrong foot. Yes, how difficult to decide *beforehand* what's best.

BUT THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT

modess

Waterproof backing. Rounded ends and sides. Day-long softness. Soluble with loops 12 for 1/8½d. Cotton wool with loops 12 for 2/4d. Plain wrappings.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON (GT. BRITAIN) LTD.

Cashier cancels INDIGESTION

A cashier of ability,
Who totted with facility,
Was often sore distracted
By twinges in his tum.
He bore this grave debility
With patience and docility,
But never counteracted
It till put wise by a chum:—
"Two Rennies sucked for pleasure
Will quiet inner strife.
Their mild yet quick activity
Annihilates acidity."
The cashier sucked at leisure,
Was a happy man for life.

UPSET stomach—pain after meals, heaviness, the feeling that nothing's worth while—is almost always due to *excess acid*. Quick relief comes from sucking two Rennies tablets, one-by-one, like sweets. Rennies have a five-fold action which neutralizes acid stomachs, brings back well-being. They are separately wrapped, convenient for handbag or pocket, and can be taken anywhere, at any time, without the need for water, glass or spoon. If two Rennies don't speedily end stomach-pain you should see your doctor. Rennies can be had from any chemist, 25 for 9d., or the big economy size—100 for 2/8 (tax included).

DIGESTIF
RENNIES

610-5

LIMETAIL

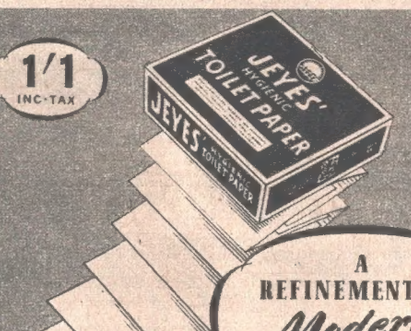
Late Night Final, White Heart Cherry, Whoopee, Damson Cream, Creamy Egg Flip, New Yorker. Wonderful names for wonderful Cocktails. The war reduced the quantity available, but it never reduced the *quality* of

Maldano
WINE COCKTAILS

Supplies are available in limited quantities from good wine merchants at the controlled price of 16/6d. a bottle.

Ronuk Polishes

1/1 INC-TAX



A REFINEMENT OF *Modern* LIVING

A PRODUCT OF JEYES' SANITARY COMPOUNDS COMPANY LIMITED. LONDON. E.13

JOHN BULL

186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
Phone: TEMPLE BAR 2468 Grams: Heroically, Westcent, London
JUNE 5, 1948 VOLUME 83 NUMBER 2188

How About Those Parks?

WHAT HAS HAPPENED to the National Parks scheme and Footpaths Plan?

Everybody in Britain who loves natural beauty and open-air exercise believed that the Government meant business when it investigated the possibility of establishing National Parks. The selfish interests of rich landowners were to be overridden at last, we thought, to give the common people a real and permanent heritage of British scenery.

But nine months have passed since the White Paper outlining the National Parks scheme appeared. In that time not even lip service has been paid to the scheme by Ministers. No action has been taken, and no legislation has even been promised.

On the other hand, ground has literally been lost. Among other areas, a large part of Dartmoor, heart of the proposed West Country Park, has been snatched for ever from the public. The Government has silently acquiesced in these robberies by the Service Departments.

Lewis Silkin, the Minister of Town and Country Planning, who would be responsible for National Parks if we had them, seems unwilling or unable to make a stand in defence of his own province.

Wake up, Mr. Silkin! It is your job to give the people the parks and the footpaths, the freedom of the mountains, the green belts and the beaches.

Every time a bit of Britain is lost to the brasshats, or to builders who could be building somewhere else, you, Lewis Silkin, have failed us.

If your colleagues are indifferent to the claims of National Parks and other long-awaited outdoor amenities, remember that the public is not!

Horder's High Horse

IT IS TIME THAT LORD HORDER was told bluntly to stop talking nonsense. He is one of our most distinguished doctors, but at the moment he is behaving in an irresponsible way.

For he says—and keeps on saying—that he intends to continue fighting the Minister of Health over the National Health Service, although the British Medical Association is now discussing final terms with Mr. Bevan and all reasonable people long to hear the last of the dispute.

We would remind Lord Horder that he was born as long ago as 1871; that he is therefore over seventy-five years old; and that his own long and honourable career is behind him. When he set up as a doctor back in the last century, his ideas were no doubt up to date.

But times have changed—and it seems as though Lord Horder hasn't. From the great march of social progress since he started his career, the conception of a National Health Service to benefit every citizen has emerged and has been turned into fact.

Lord Horder appears not to care a jot for that. He seems to be anxious only about maintaining the professional dignities which decorated his youth.

He should listen to some of the young men now entering his profession—the men who are far more concerned than Lord Horder with the doctors' future pay and status.

They are not trying to wreck the National Health Service. They are not complaining about getting a guaranteed basic salary; nor at being relieved of paying a heavy price for an established practice. They just want to be good doctors and to get a reasonable reward for their work.

They are not haunted by all the bogeys of State control and bureaucracy which so obsess some men of Lord Horder's generation that their public spirit is strangely dimmed. Think again, Lord Horder—and leave the future to be settled by the young doctors who will have to live in it!

Unfair to Vets?

DURING THE ROW about human doctoring, the other row, about animal doctoring, has been almost overlooked.

Yet the vets are very worried. A new Bill now in Parliament, the Veterinary Surgeons Bill, will reorganize their training methods and affect their professional status.

If the Bill goes through, it will be possible to train more vets for the farms. Will they all be needed? The profession is worried lest too many men should come in to share the existing work.

But what worries them most is the Bill's plan to regularize the status of unqualified vets. These are generally men who have a natural understanding of animals but have never been through the full professional training to qualify for places on the register.

They do a lot of useful and humane work, but that is not the point. The qualified men don't like the idea of the others being entitled to call themselves vets at all. Yet the new Bill proposes to label them "veterinary practitioners."

So the fully qualified vet who has gone through a long and expensive training says: "It isn't fair. Once these other chaps are legally entitled to call themselves 'veterinary,' they will in practice gain the status I have studied for and paid for."

We should have some sympathy for the fully qualified vets. They have a strong case for better legal protection. After all, much of the success of our great agricultural drive to grow more food at home will depend on the care of livestock and the stamping out of animal diseases.

To tackle bovine tuberculosis, foot and mouth, and other scourges effectively, the nation needs an enthusiastic body of highly trained vets.

Death in Ammo Dumps

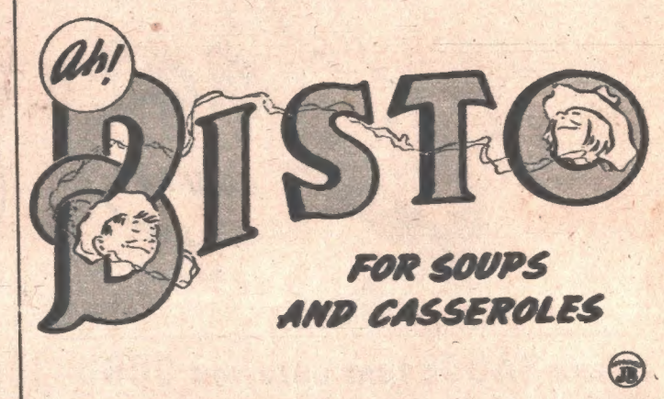
PARENTS IN MANY PARTS of the country have a legitimate grouse about a threat to the safety of their children caused by somebody's negligence or apathy.

Three years after the war they still see death stacked by the roadsides in the old ammunition dumps.

Of the vast quantity of two million tons of ammunition left in Britain at the end of the war, less than half has been destroyed, reclaimed or thrown into the deep sea. Most of it still litters the countryside under quite inadequate guard.

Every year, especially in summer, mischievous children and youths pry into the mouldering huts in search of excitement. They don't realize the risks they run. Much of this old war material has now deteriorated and got even more dangerous to handle than when it was new.

The only safeguard against more accidents this summer is to get on with the job of clearing away the dumps.



Two dazzling smiles! BUT—
Miss FOOLISH only cleans her teeth
Miss WISE safeguards her gums as well by using
S.R. TOOTHPASTE
S.R. Toothpaste contains sodium ricinoleate to strengthen gums against disease, and S.R. keeps teeth sparkling clean too!
Standard size 1/4 (inc. tax)
Large size 2/- (inc. tax)
GR 180A-943

TALES WITH A MORAL—NO.1

Katie and the Kettle

Here is bustling Katie, see!
A very busy person she.
She washes dishes, scrubs the floors,
And does a dozen different chores.

One morning as she runs about
She knocks the boiling kettle's spout—
Her hand is scalded. How she cries!
Then swiftly for First Aid she flies
To 'Vaseline'★—it soothes the pain
And quickly makes her well again.

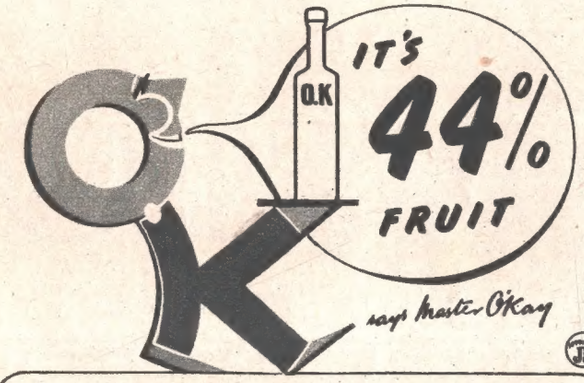
Dear reader, let these words sink in—
For scalds and cuts, use 'Vaseline.'★

Molecules in 'Vaseline' Brand Petroleum Jelly overlap to form a seal which shuts out germs and dirt. Recommended for all minor cases of cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, sore places. Baby's chafed skin needs 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly, too.

★ TRADE Vaseline MARK BRAND PETROLEUM JELLY

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

2749



THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

Whenever Canned Fruit is about . .

Libby's 100 Famous Foods, including Evaporated Milk, Canned Pears, Peaches, Pineapples, etc., are identified by the familiar Blue and White Label.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY LTD

The finest Ducks come from Aylesbury

...but the finest comes from

SUTTONS
SALAD CREAM
1/3 per bottle (in short supply)

Makers of "Master Touch" Sauce, Fine Pickles, Canned Goods and Soft Drinks

THE CREAM OF SALAD CREAMS

Summer Fruits with

WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT

MAKE RATIONS GO FURTHER

Made by The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., WELwyn GARden City, Herts.

The family friend

Friendly and comforting in many a minor digestive upset. Bringing double-action relief promptly and pleasantly. A gentle laxative; an effective antacid. Kept at hand in all the best regulated families.

'Milk of Magnesia'

Regd. Trade Mark ★

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.

Her Smile Attracts him . . .

All women know the value of a lovely smile . . . don't be careless—keep it bright with Odol, the toothpaste with the 'Balanced 8,' that wonderful formula of eight vital ingredients scientifically blended to whiten teeth without scratching, to preserve teeth and gums, and leave the mouth deliciously refreshed.

Only a perfectly balanced toothpaste can give you complete mouth happiness.

You, too, can have The

Odol

Smile!

"THE KEPKOLD"

PATENT No 519607

Requires NO ELECTRICITY, GAS, CHEMICALS or ICE. No complicated directions have to be followed to procure its efficient operation—only a pint or so of water poured in each morning—no upkeep costs, nothing to go wrong, no parts to replace and since it is operated solely by water, can be used equally well in the Home, Caravan, Yacht or Tent.

Thousands of satisfied users

Write today for illustrated folder giving full particulars of the "Household" and "Pantry" models.

KEPKOLD Ltd. (Dept. 61)
Gaunton House, Gaunton St., Regent St., W.1
(REGent 5632)

THE "KEPKOLD" DOES NOT FREEZE —IT PRESERVES THE VITAMINS

The "HOUSEHOLD" *Finished White Enamel and Chromium-plated Fittings. Price £9-15 (plus P.T. £2-3-3) carr. paid, and a charge of 30/- for packing case, refunded when returned.*

A household word for hygiene in the home

SANIPAN

automatic lavatory cleanser

Sanipan is in the shops—now. Never be without it, to be sure your lavatory is clean, white and fragrant. Just sprinkle Sanipan in the pan at night and flush in the morning. The large tin gives you extra value for 1/3. From chemists, grocers and chandlers—no coupons.

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

SANITISE WITH **SANIPAN**

A product of W. & F. Walker Ltd., Liverpool. CVS-18

CAREERS!

This girl, age 21, earns £746 a year

MARION is a PALANTYPE verbatim reporter. Hers is an interesting job. She covers international conferences and other important functions. Marion is perhaps ahead of most, but there are many other PALANTYPISTS—all earning pretty good money taking down speech at anything up to 250 words a minute. PALANTYPING is the simplest method of committing speech to paper in any language, easiest to learn, quickest to operate and by far the most accurate. (Many students exceed 120 words a minute in 6 months.) Top speed PALANTYPING can be read back by anyone after only one lesson. With PALANTYPE you can even take down accurately in foreign languages of which you don't understand a word. No wonder PALANTYPE is being increasingly adopted by Government Departments and by commercial firms all over the country. The PALANTYPE system of Stenotyping offers interesting well-paid careers in many fields, either reporting or secretarial. Pupils may also be trained as PALANTYPE teachers for posts in Britain, Denmark, Switzerland, South Africa, Australia and elsewhere. Write *now* for details of PALANTYPE teaching in your area to:—

THE PALANTYPE SCHOOL,
Dept. 22, 229/231 High Holborn, London, W.C.1

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Eire gets the cleaners in

New brooms are sweeping clean in Eire. The feuds of a quarter of a century are being whisked away by energetic New Dealers. How will these changes affect Britain?

by Harry Hopkins

Beet inspector John Butler (left) talks to local farmer. Butler suggests: "Brighten country life in Eire." Below, Richard Ryan of Caherconlish: "Ideas like Dev's needed uranium mine"

YOU GO TO BUY A STAMP in Dublin's post office, and on a memorial, you read the noble words of the proclamation there of the Easter Republic: *In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national freedom; six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms. . . .*

That Easter, 1916, shells from a British warship in the Liffey tore into the post office, demolished most of O'Connell Street. There were hangings and more hangings, atrocities and counter-atrocities. And when freedom seemed in sight, there came the turning of the knife in the wound, the embittered years of civil feuding, brother against brother.

And now, at last, a quarter of a century after the birth of the Irish Free State, it is all over. Now at last Irishmen are willing to live, as well as die, for Ireland. That is the meaning of the events of February when Irishmen sacked the architect of their nation, their Emerald Green Incorruptible, Eamon de Valera.

Men who had been sniping at each other—first literally, then metaphorically—for so long that it had become a habit—suddenly sat around a Cabinet table, put in the chair a clever lawyer who had fought for neither side, and got down to the job of putting their poor old country to rights.

Of course it happened by accident. But now that it has happened, almost everyone, I think, is glad. Up and down the land Irishmen are looking around cautiously, finding that the great load of worn-out shibboleths and obligatory bitterness is gone from their back, finding—with pleasurable surprise—how much freer they are without it.

Now For Some Action

"They're a good blend," said the man in the Tipperary bus. "That MacBride's a clever fellow," said the shopman in Limerick. "We're going to have some action now," said the creamery manager. "Dev's gone for good," said the man in Dwyer's High Class Grocery and Select Bar. "All that's done with."

In the lounge of the Royal Hotel, Tipperary, Mr. Murphy, the engineer from Clonmel, summed up for me: "We don't think much of our politicians in this country. We know them too well. But now, for the first time, successful business and professional men have made a big financial sacrifice to go into politics and serve the country.

"We felt a bit suspicious at first, but we're getting used to the idea and we're even beginning to like it."

Yet next day's front pages reported de Valera's return from America with the announcement: "WELCOME TO THE CHIEF." They detailed the mass processions organized to hail the lost leader. The Chief! Was the mystic hold of this strange, unbending, so un-Irish Irishman really broken—after sixteen years?

Today many Irishmen who a little time ago would have considered an Eire without Dev inconceivable would answer, "Yes." It didn't have to happen, but it has. And, ironically, it was Dev himself who made it happen. He didn't have to go to the country just because he'd lost two by-elections. But he did—and he *did* fail to get back—by the votes of five deputies.

Now much more than five votes cut off the Eire of February from the Eire of May. Republicanism as a political faith had been moribund for some time. The election stripped off the cobwebs and exposed the corpse. Although, of course, nobody dares to say so—yet.

"Most of us believed independence was going to bring a land flowing with milk and honey," said one veteran Republican. Well, Irishmen have the independence, but instead of the milk and honey they hear Dev happily discussing over the radio the welfare of a "typical" Irish family on 45s. a week. Independence, they know now, is not enough. That's an important discovery. It means that government by mysticism is out—and the house-cleaners are in.

A Few Became Rich

Sinn Fein . . . Ourselves Alone. . . . Dev saw Eire as a Gaelic island of virtue in a wicked materialistic world, self-sufficient, undefiled. His ideal was captivating, but his economics inadequate. When a small island, with few natural resources, attempted to manufacture everything for three million people, the inevitable happened. A few got rich, many stayed poor. Irish manufacturers, behind towering tariff walls, scooped in huge profits.

"I've six kids," said the accountant on the bus. "It costs me a quid a week for shoes alone." There's no "Utility" in Eire. Casting envious eyes across St. George's Channel, the Dublin Women's Parliament dispatched a deputation of protest against the rocketing cost of living.

Dev acted. He clamped taxes on cigarettes, drink and cinema seats to pay for subsidies for food. That finished him.

A few weeks earlier Irish children had given their parents a powerful object lesson in the shortcomings of economic Sinn Fein. English sweets appeared in the shops. They were better and more varied than Irish sweets. The kids made a dive for them. And their parents were laughing, too, because the English sweets were 2s. 6d. a pound; the Irish 4s. 6d. The same sort of thing happened with English clothes. Then, when prices crashed, the tariffs were clamped down again.

But revolution is the forcing-house of diehardism.

"Prohibit the import of coal," demands a bitter letter to a newspaper. "Keep our Irish men at home and pay them decent wages to work in our Irish bogs. Does the Minister realize that he is driving the flower of our manhood to slave in English coal pits. . . ."

Housewife's Choice

Day after day the newspapers have been front-paging columns of recrimination over the new Cabinet's decision to shut down hand-cut turf production—although five years' stocks are now on hand. But this is a matter we can safely leave to the Irish housewife to settle. Patriotism Above All, of course, but just offer her the choice between a few lumps of English coal and a load of Eireann turf and perhaps by this time even de Valera knows the answer.

Behind all the rhetoric and pother, Eire is slowly but surely working out of her system the various complexes—born of long suppressed

nationhood—which have so long obscured her vision.

Take the Gaelic complex: the attempt to make the Irish even more Irish than they are. Every mortal thing has been done to put across Gaelic. "A Phrase a Day," coax the newspapers. The Irish Stationery Office peddles Hans Andersen and the Father Brown stories in Gaelic. Woolworths display *Listen and Learn*, a Radio Eireann lesson book. At the great Shannon Airport receptionists announce the planes' departure in Gaelic first. Even the bus stops are lettered in that odd pyxilated script. But the campaign is failing, and already compulsory Gaelic is on the way out.

That's one sign of the new realism. Now another: the suspension, with the first Constellation ready to take off, of Dev's cherished project for an Irish trans-atlantic airline. This would have meant a loss of £1,000,000 in the first year—around two per cent of the total Irish budget.

"This is only a little country without great resources," said Richard Ryan, the storekeeper of Caherconlish. "With ideas like Dev's we'd need a uranium mine."

It Might Have Been a Cup-Tie

And yet this is a country where the dictates of economics will never hold complete sway. This is a country, remember, which calls its aeroplanes after saints. This is a country which is proud of the title of "Christian Republic"—and the adjective really does mean something. In Limerick I thought a building I was looking at must be a library, so many people were going in and out. It was a church.

On Sunday morning the clink of coins at the church doors was like the gate at a cup-tie.

And you can't help noticing how much more at peace with the world many of the men appear to be over there; not rickety robots, but full men, savouring life, glad to share their enjoyment.

All the same, the new generation of Irishmen seem strangely materialist, oddly apathetic to their elders. Consider: a young Irishman, under thirty, never saw a British soldier or a red pillar box in his streets. The struggle which lit and inspired his father's youth is for him just something out of a history book.

In Bansha, County Tipperary, I asked twenty-five year old John Butler, Government beet inspector, what he thought Eire most needed today. He said: "Brighten up the countryside! Make the countryman's life as good as the city man's." A bull's eye answer—and yet to the fighters of 1916 and 1922 how strange it must seem!

Rebels Have Had Their Day

This is 1948. The fighters—and the whole race of professional politicos they bred—have had their day. It will be through the generation that did *not* fight that Ireland will find herself. The Irish Labour Party claims that it was the only party that substantially improved its position at the elections. Is this the answer? Will young Ireland find its new faith here, in some sort of Christian agrarian Socialism?

Possibly, but for the moment, aroused from her heroic dreams, Eire is fully occupied in looking herself over with newly critical eyes. She does not like all she sees. Her soil is fertile, her people intelligent—and yet she has not enough food for her own three millions. Depressed by primitive conditions and meagre social services, too poor to marry at home, her young men are streaming from her farms across St. George's Channel.

Now the need has called forth the men. Eire's new Cabinet spans the political spectrum, but confronted by such an accumulation of mess and muddle, the spring cleaners have wasted no time in rolling up their sleeves and getting down to an agreed ten-point, first-things-first programme.

Just where—if anywhere—do we, the next-door neighbours, fit into this Irish New Deal? Let's admit it: the mess now being cleaned up is—on the long view—largely of our making. Even as late as 1938 the mad old feud was going merrily on, the short-sighted "Economic War"—in which we barred our ports to Irish cattle—breaking the Irish farmers' hearts. Can the Irish ever forget?

In Clery's Restaurant while I was in Dublin there was a reunion of the old I.R.A. It was attended by a Coventry biscuit manufacturer. Thirty-two years before, the biscuit manufacturer, then a young officer of the Lincolns, had accepted a flag of surrender—made from a flour bag—from a rebel named Eamon de Valera.

Now he was handing it back again—at a dinner table.

"Ah, all that old bitterness is gone, long ago," said Mr. Murphy, the engineer from Clonmel. Indeed, in a way, it was never there.

In Dublin a woman whose brother we hanged said to me: "I've always said we had the best enemy in the world. Let's stick to him."

Said Richard Ryan, as he drove me in his hire car back to Limerick: "Allow me to say that in the war we were with you. We wanted to see England take an awful hammering, but we didn't want to see her beaten."

The Dublin politician explained: "You see, the England we had known had always been top dog. Then we saw her in a tight corner. We saw that she could take it, too. That made a big impression on the average fellow over here. Anyway, what we really disliked was your landlord class. Now you have a Labour Government and all that sort of thing's gone."

The Parish Priest Sums Up

In a little village in the peaceful Glen of Aherlow, a parish priest, who knows his people as only parish priests in this country do know their people, summed up: "If you tried to raise bitterness against the English people now you'd have a terrible job. In fact, I'd say if you came over here wearing a badge, 'I'm an Englishman,' you'd get a better welcome than if they thought you were just Irish."

Yet Sean MacBride, new star of Irish politics who stole Dev's thunder, built up his party on a campaign to "break the connection" (that last faint anomalous link by which Eire's Ministers overseas are accredited in the name of the English King).

How does that fit in? Let MacBride, now Foreign Minister, answer: "Having once cut the painter, we can get down in real earnest to the job of maintaining maximum co-operation." Irish? Of course.

The truth is that—whatever their labels—Irishmen today are in realistic mood. They've decided, quite firmly and quite recently, that the past is better in history books than in politics.

Now it's up to us on this side of St. George's Channel to take a new look at Eire just as Eire has been taking a look at herself. There is so much the two islands could do for each other. We have today a magnificent chance to redeem the stupid tragedy of the past with a real good-neighbour policy.

Western Union, after all, should begin at home.

In subsequent articles Harry Hopkins will discuss the possibilities of an economic partnership which could repair the British breakfast table—and deal with the one remaining stumbling block, the Partition question.

Mrs. Joyce Carter with baby Linda Joyce, delivered under hypnotism

What Hypnotism Can Really Do

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

Painless childbirth, help for mental cases: as the doctor's ally, hypnotism is losing its air of quackery

MRS. IRENE DARE, of Ferndale Road, Clapham, London, S.W., and Mrs. Joyce Carter, who lives not far away, are two unusually fortunate young mothers. Their babies, an 8¼-lb. son and a 6 lb. 14 oz. daughter, were safely delivered with the minimum of fuss and bother. Both mothers were effectively hypnotized. The Canadian doctor who looked after them put them into a hypnotic sleep, and woke them after the babies had arrived.

Hypnotism is a very ancient art. Witch-doctors are good at it and so were the priests of Ancient Egypt and the Greek priest-physicians. The word comes from the Greek *hupnos*, meaning to sleep.

Franz Anton Mesmer revived the art in Paris in 1778. He astounded the city with his miraculous cures and built up an enormous and lucrative practice. His technique, which he called animal magnetism and his followers called Mesmerism, was examined and labelled quackery.

The examining committee, which included Benjamin Franklin, then United States Ambassador to the Court of France, and Dr. Guillotin, after whom the guillotine was christened, also damned Mesmer in a confidential "morality report." This was based on Mesmer's method of collecting patients of both sexes in the same darkened room and working them up to a pitch of hysterical excitement when almost anything might have happened, and, according to the gossips, usually did.

Mesmerism was quackery from then onwards.

Stand-in for Anaesthetics

More fortunate was James Esdaile, a surgeon of the British East India Company, who was in charge of the Hooghly Hospital at Calcutta before anaesthetics were discovered. He mesmerized his patients and successfully performed more than three hundred operations including a number of amputations. One surgeon who watched him described how he cut out a diseased eye while the patient's good eye watched this manoeuvre without even a blink.

In the last year of the war two British doctors held by the Japanese in a p.o.w. camp at Singapore had a similar experience on a small scale. There were no anaesthetics left. So they tried hypnotism and successfully opened abscesses, removed teeth and did a number of minor operations with their hypnotized patients lying peacefully on the improvised operating table.

The facts about hypnotism today are not as well known as they should be. Most people still think of it in terms of large piercing eyes and electricity shooting out of the hypnotist's fingers.

This is nonsense. The piercing eyes are not necessary. There is no magnetism or electricity involved. Men and women are equally susceptible to hynotism and the intelligent are more easily hypnotized than the weak-willed and stupid.

Lunatics and mental defectives cannot be hypnotized. Children are easy to hypnotize and so are teen-agers. Old people are more difficult; so are the scatterbrained, can't-concentrate types.

Generally speaking, of any four normal adults three can be hypnotized fairly easily and one is resistant.

Of the three out of four who can be hynotized two will easily reach a stage of medium hypnosis. The third is one of the perfect subjects and can be put into a deep trance.

Peter Casson is an experienced stage hypnotist. The B.B.C. considered using him on a television programme. In an experiment at Alexandra Palace he hypnotized four out of six people who were merely looking at his image on a television screen.

Anybody can be taught the technique of hypnosis in a few lessons. Anybody will be moderately successful.

But just as we are all taught mathematics and are moderately successful compared with the brilliant mathematician, so there are a few people who are specially good at hypnotism. Like Peter Casson and a handful of doctors who are interested in the subject they have a flair which has been steadily improved by experience.

Must be Willing

Can you be hypnotized against your will? No, and once the hypnotist realizes that you are resisting he will stop trying to achieve the impossible. To be hypnotized you must want to be hypnotized. You must be able to concentrate on what the hypnotist is saying to the exclusion of everything else. You must be capable of intelligent co-operation.

Given these things, hypnosis is merely a matter of talking you into it. It is impossible to hypnotize anyone who is stone deaf.

You lie down on a comfortable couch. The room can be brightly lit but subdued lighting behind your head is better. Your attention must be fixed. You stare at the hypnotist's eyes, or the tips of his fingers held just above your forehead, or at the end of a pencil, or even at a spot on the ceiling.

There is no mystery about this. The idea is to fix your attention so that you will not be distracted and can concentrate only on the hypnotist's voice. Most techniques are designed to tire your eyes, which makes you more responsive to the voice.

The voice is low and pleasant and monotonously repetitive. There is a definite patter: "You are quite comfortable and completely relaxed. Relax all your muscles. Keep on looking at my fingers. Concentrate only on my fingers and what I am saying. Your eyelids begin to feel heavy. You begin to feel drowsy. Your eyelids are heavier, heavier, heavier. You begin to feel sleepy. . . ."

This goes on and on, perhaps with a metronome droning monotonously away in the background, till you fall into a hypnotic sleep. It may take five minutes or it may take one hour or several sessions of one hour each.

The whole thing is done by suggestion. Repeated suggestions which you must be ready to accept.

Once hypnotized, are you in the hypnotist's power? No, the hypnotist can direct you to do a number of things but they are only the things you would be prepared to do while awake.

Fifty young women were hypnotized and deliberately asked to undress. Forty-nine resisted and the resistance was sufficient to make them come out of the hypnotic trance.

One girl took off her frock and petticoat and posed in her underclothes—but she was a professional model and clearly she regarded the suggestion as a normal and proper one. Posing was a day-to-day routine with her.

Hypnotize fifty men and tell them to steal something. Forty-nine will resist and wake up. The one who accepts the suggestion is a professional thief and in his view stealing is a normal activity.

You may wonder if hypnotism damages the mind. No, all it does is to allow the hypnotist to help you revive memories and incidents that may seem to be forgotten. You wake up refreshed just as if you had had a normal sleep.

If you are being treated for some form of neurosis and the hypnotist wants to explain some incident to you later at leisure, because the memory appearing suddenly might upset you and do more harm than good, then he will suggest that you forget that incident again and you will do so.

Is hypnotism dangerous in any way? No, unless you make it so.

Under hypnotism the muscles of the body can be made to stay in curious positions and seem to be much more powerful than they ever could be normally. It is easy to make the body of a young girl so rigid that it can be placed with the feet on one chair and the head and shoulders on another. The rigidity of this catalepsy, as it is called, is so great that four people can sit on her middle and there will be no sagging.

A stage hypnotist in America used his wife as a subject. This hypnotist thought four people sitting on his rigid wife was not enough. He placed a block of concrete on her middle and asked someone in the audience to break it with a sledge-hammer. This always went down well till one inaccurate enthusiast missed the concrete and the wife subsequently died of internal injuries.

Takes the Patient Back

What is hypnotism used for? Principally for the investigation and treatment of cases of neurosis. A neurosis may take myriad forms, ranging from insomnia and nervous headaches to the most bizarre forms of behaviour.

Psycho-analysis along classical Freudian lines will find out why, put the problem into correct perspective by giving the patient insight into it, and this may result in cure. Unfortunately it may take interviews lasting several hundred hours to achieve this.

Analysis under hypnotism is a short cut. Under hypnotism many of the mental defences can be brushed aside much more easily. Under hypnotism a patient can be made to go back year after year and recall in detail memories that it seemed impossible to dig out of the subconscious.

A young man of twenty-five stuttered so badly that he was unemployable. Every investigation and treatment failed. Hypnotism was tried. He was made to go back to the time he started stuttering and recall whatever happened about then. He was three years old and the home next door went up in flames. He was carried out to see the excitement. A pet dog he adored, one that belonged to the kids next door, appeared at a burning window, and he saw it struggle frantically for ten minutes before it was burnt to death.

The stutter was a three-year-old's frantic protest that this must not be allowed to happen. It did happen and the stutter of protest continued.

Three sessions with the hypnotist and then explanations and reassurance along the ordinary psycho-analytical lines placed the frightful repressed memory in perspective and he ceased to stutter.

A woman of twenty-four who had been a secretary had an easy first delivery. Before she left hospital with a fine baby boy she had developed a disabling backache and pain in both knees which continued for a year. Under hypnotism she could touch her toes and her pain disappeared.

Resented Her Baby

Analysis began at the fifth session and the reason why she had the pain was elicited in a week. She married a man older than herself because her family wanted her to and he had a good position. But she really loved her boss who was exactly like her dead father, and had all the qualities she wanted in a man. The pains were there because she resented the baby for being her husband's child and not the son of her boss.

The pains gave her an excuse for not looking after the baby and provided a protection. Obviously she could have no more babies and she could not even resume relations with her husband.

She was intelligent and co-operative. The pains disappeared and she returned home cured of the almost "schoolgirl crush" for her old boss and determined to make her marriage a complete success, instead of only the apparent success that it had been. She succeeded.

These are the cases in which hypnotism has proved of the greatest value. Forgotten incidents can be recalled and explained. The hypnotist can reinforce the explanations with repeated suggestions for the future—that pain or headaches or insomnia will disappear. These suggestions are accepted.

Its Use in Childbirth

Hypnotism is a powerful aid in the hands of the expert psychotherapist. Its future lies in this field. It may be used to banish surgical pain but only in rather extraordinary circumstances. The known anaesthetics and drugs are better understood, less variable in effect, and much more familiar to the ordinary doctors.

The same applies to hypnotic childbirth. The pain of labour is partly due to suggestion and expectancy. Every woman knows about the pains and expects them. This knowledge and anticipation undoubtedly increase the real pain. Hypnotism can banish the knowledge and the pain and allow of painless childbirth without any ill-effects on mother or child.

Why is it not used more often? For obvious reasons. The mother must first of all belong to the one-in-four group of really good hypnotic subjects. She must then be trained by the hypnotist with several trial sessions during pregnancy. This takes a lot of time and trouble and then, of course, the hypnotist must be present at the labour. This means as a rule that the hypnotist must be the doctor who is to conduct the delivery.

None of these is an insuperable difficulty. They were all overcome in the cases of Mrs. Dare and Mrs. Carter.

Hypnotism is becoming a respectable art again and losing its aura of quackery. More doctors are interested in it and it may be that in the future the happy experience of these two young mothers will not be so unusual.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Nagging Minds

THE other day, an eminent specialist declared: "More diseases are caused by a malevolent point of view than by germs. Our bodies have a natural resistance to microbes, but the defence can be broken down by grudges and hates. . . ."

I know an actress who takes her work very seriously. She went on tour with a new play. Things didn't go smoothly. By the time they had been put right, she had lost nearly a stone in weight. She hadn't been ill. She had just worried and worried, and her body had responded to the turmoil in her mind.

Human beings are endowed with the power of conscious choice. We can *choose* whether to brood over our circumstances or fight them. We can *choose* whether to despair or hope.

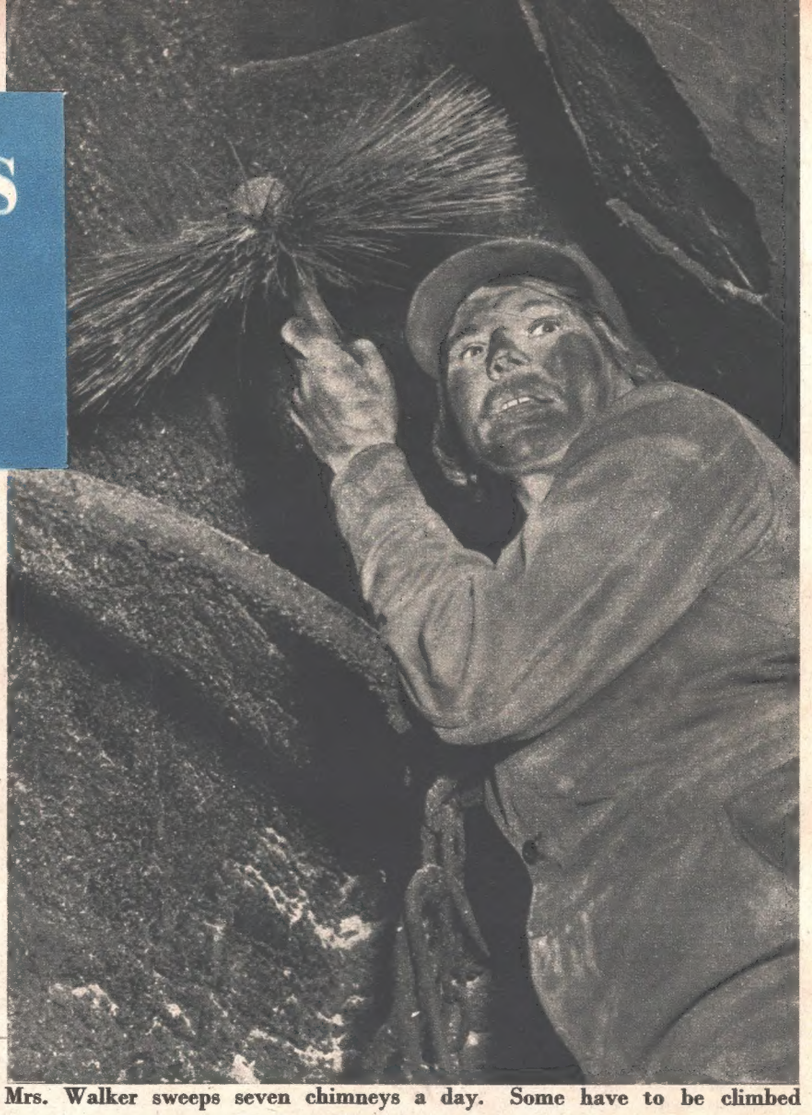
Since we can choose, let us choose wisely.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Jill of All Trades

. . . and Mistress of them, too. Twice she's turned up at a house to sweep the chimneys and stayed on as midwife

by Hubert Cole



Mrs. Walker sweeps seven chimneys a day. Some have to be climbed

SIXTEEN YEARS AGO, George Walker crashed on his motor cycle. He smashed both legs and some ribs, lost the sight of one eye. Up till then he had worked as a rigger and scaffolder and as foreman of a road gang. The accident meant that he would never be able to take another job away from home.

He had a wife and three children. Today the wife, Olive, is fifty-one. Since the accident, there has been another child, Billy, who is now fourteen. Throughout the sixteen years, Mrs. Walker has kept the family going. She still does.

When the accident happened Mrs. Walker looked round for a job. She had worked on the land when a girl. That was how she met George, who was in those days a van driver, living in Woolwich.

George, like herself, was Surrey born, but had been taken to London at the age of two, and Olive now calls him a bit of a Cockney.

The new Mrs. Walker didn't get on very well with London, a place where people started going out to enjoy themselves at a time when country folk would be going to bed, and was glad when they later moved back to a village near Guildford in Surrey.

But the village did not, at first glance, present so very many opportunities for gainful employment. She couldn't take on a regular job, with George and the children to look after. But there had been chimney sweeps in her family at one time, and she had always swept her own chimneys.

So she bought herself a set of brooms and, later, a cart and a Shetland pony called Silver.

Up at Five in the Morning

Mixed in with her housework and bringing up the children and looking after George in the early days of his illness, chimney sweeping became a steady job for Mrs. Walker. She still gets up at five in the morning, goes sweeping three days a week, sweeps an average of seven chimneys a day and one day did as many as fourteen. Her charges are: 2s. 6d. for an ordinary chimney, 3s. 6d. for a kitchener, 4s. 6d. for a boiler.

There are still some big old chimneys round her home village of Wood Street Green which need climbing as well as sweeping.

Though sweeping is her main source of income, it is by no means her only one. She acts as midwife when wanted. On two occasions she has turned up at a house to do the chimneys and stayed to deliver a child. Once the child had black hair while all the other members of the family were blonde. The embarrassed mother blamed it on to Mrs. Walker.

In September she organizes parties to go hop picking at Puttenham, on the far side of the Hog's Back. The charabanc picks them up at half-past six in the morning, brings them back at five thirty in the evening.

Then Mrs. Walker makes toffee apples to sell to the children and grown-ups the following day. Last year she made and sold 300 in one day at 3d. each, using fruit from the garden and sugar and syrup saved from the rations.

When she is not sweeping chimneys or hop picking, she goes out charring, helping with the spring cleaning or whitewashing a kitchen. She takes in washing if she can get the soap, but there is not much to spare these days. Though she gets a double ration, she needs it all to get the soot off herself and her overalls.

George Got Organized

George never entirely recovered from his smash, but as he got better he started organizing things in the garden. He bought a small electric saw and cut and sold logs. He started a piggery, aiming at 300 but never getting above 150 before rations made the numbers dwindle more and more.

A little while ago, the Walkers had to leave the house in which they had lived for several years and move into a new council house. The back yard is a mess of clay and they're not allowed to keep pigs or run the electric saw, but George has his eye on a likely bit of ground quite close and is already planning to set up his piggery again. In the meantime he has the thirty chickens to look after, and kindling to chop.

He has to find something to occupy him, something to get him really tired, because of his legs. Once upon a time he used to go round to the British Legion hut in the evenings and drink half a dozen pints.

But since the Government took the gravity out of the beer, the pints have no soothing effect on him. So he potters around the garden on his stick and has to rely on physical exhaustion and a glass of water to make him forget the ache in his legs when he gets to bed.

George used to be well known in the pubs before his accident, and Mrs. Walker proudly tells of the Homeric struggles in their early days when they moved to a new village and a local clan, whom we can call the Exes, tried to drive them away by intimidation and violence. The Exes were a large family, with many branches and they didn't like newcomers.

Whenever George went into the local he would find one of the Exes lurching back on George's toes, or spilling beer down George's trousers. So George, one day, after fair warning, clouted one of the Exes and knocked him clean out of the pub.

They swore to get him then. And the following evening the men of the clan converged on the village in carts—scores of carts and three or four men to a cart. (These are Mrs. Walker's figures.)

George stood in the middle of the road and met them as they came. He stopped the carts, clouted the men, linked their arms and sent them homeward. One cart, whose occupants wisely refused to dismount, he tipped over bodily. "That was the time when George got eight summonses for fighting in one day," says Mrs. Walker.

When George could no longer take on the world single-handed, Olive carried on the tradition. "I've had several fair fights," she said. And, when asked with whom, she answers: "Well, you have to have them with the neighbours, don't you? I would come home in the evening and one of the neighbours would start going on about what the children had been up to.

"So I would call the child and ask, 'Have you done anything?' and he would say, 'No.' And I would say, 'Well, get out and do something, then.' And then if they came round to complain there'd be a fight, wouldn't there?"

The Woman Who Riled Her

She was sensitive about the way the other children treated Billy, who was born with a double hare lip, but after eight operations now has a local reputation as a singer of comic songs. And she was always ready to battle against cruelty to any other children.

There was one woman in particular whose harshness had offended Mrs. Walker.

The trouble boiled up when the woman sent the child to school with injured feet and tight-fitting boots and Mrs. Walker took the boots off and put him on a pair of shoes. The woman came round to argue the matter out, and made the mistake of gesticulating violently with her hands.

"So I upped with my fist and hit her, and she went up against the fence and broke her false teeth. And when her husband said she was only trying to reason with me, I said, 'Well, she should have kept her hands in her pockets, same as I had mine.'"

A Piercer of Ears as Well

In between her fair fights (which are few these days) and her chimney sweeping and hop picking and toffee apple making and washing and whitewashing and spring cleaning other people's houses, Mrs. Walker also finds time to pierce ears for ear rings (if you can't get the "sleepers" to keep the holes open, a piece of thick darning wool will do) and pull her own teeth or anybody else's, and kill pigs and poultry and anything else that needs killing.

She used to take a pint with George in the evening, but they rarely go out these days and, since the tax was increased and George gave up his three ounces of shag a day, she no longer buys cigarettes, though she will accept one if it is offered.

She finds it a good life, getting up at five in the morning, putting on her old cap and chasing Silver round the field to harness her to the cart, working at one thing or another right through the day and tuning in to Dick Barton in the evening.

George's accident, sixteen years ago, is still the landmark on which all the compass bearings of her life are made; but, she says, "What with my odd jobs and George and his pigs, we've made an honest living."

Some day, perhaps, somebody will put Mrs. Walker in a pageant, and George with her, as Symbols of Marital Teamwork, or the Triumph of Courage Over Adversity—or maybe just the old-fashioned spirit of bash-on.

It Just Wasn't Cricket

by John Marsh

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

You'd think a bowler who played such havoc with opposing batsmen would be a national hero in no time

CRICKET ENTHUSIASTS—if they are old enough—will remember the summer when lowly Lentshire shot to the top of the cricket championship table, almost — though not quite — unseating Dorkshire who had occupied that position for ten years.

And they will still faintly recall Albert Mogson, whose name, for a few hot summer months, was on everybody's lips.

But few know the real Mogson story.

One Saturday afternoon in May, twenty years ago, after being detained in Lentchester on business, I was driving to the neighbouring county of Todshire to stay with friends for the weekend. On that Monday I would visit the county ground for Lentshire's game with Todshire.

I was chairman of the Lentshire County Cricket Club, and, whenever possible, I travelled with the team. It was often possible—I am head of a comfortable firm of family solicitors. Being a bachelor gave me additional freedom. I had long ago decided that cricket meant more to me than women.

Driving along I came to a picture-book village with thatched houses and a white-washed inn set about a tree-lined green. "Biggington," said a sign.

On the green a game of cricket was being played. Sighing with deep content, I sat on one of the benches under an old elm. "Who's batting?" I asked my neighbour.

"Smedley," he replied, and he managed to get such scorn into that one word that I looked more closely at him. He was a large young man of nineteen or twenty with a tanned, goodlooking face and untidy fair hair. He wore a sports coat and old grey flannels. His rather large brown eyes were bitter as he looked at the players.

"You seem a bit disappointed in your team," I murmured.

The score-board said it all. Smedley had made ninety runs for only one wicket. As I spoke a loose ball was hit to the boundary.

"Ninety-four for one," he muttered, watching a boy change the tin number plates. "And I could have got 'em all out for half a dozen!"

"You've certainly a good opinion of yourself. Why aren't you playing, then?"

He shrugged. "They won't let me play because I bowled Barton Abbas out two Saturdays ago for six runs."

"You're not pulling my leg, young man, are you?" I asked. "Barton Abbas had a fairish team last season, though I don't know what they've got this year."

He grinned. It was rather a nice grin, I now decided.

"They have a good team still," he said. "It just so happens that no team, however good, can do much against me. That's why Biggington won't play me. They want to keep in with the others, and no one's going to come to the village if they know they're likely to be outed for half a dozen runs, or at worst no runs at all. It hurts their pride, like, as you might say."

Another wicket fell. The young man got up. "If you don't believe me, come and see for yourself," he invited.

"All right," I said, and, as we reached the roadway: "I ought to warn you, my lad, that even if I am middle-aged, I used to skipper Lentshire a few years ago. Hardy's the name."

"P. W. D. Hardy!" he breathed, and I nodded, absurdly proud that this lad had heard of me; it was twenty years since my name had been so familiar each summer.

"This way!" he said urgently. "Follow me, sir!"

He led me behind the inn, up a narrow lane and into a field at the end. This was evidently the village team's practice ground, for here, against the hedge, were nets. I was handed a bat. "You won't need pads," the young man said.

He had a ball in his hand and he retreated, leaving me to guard the wicket. I drew a deep breath. It was always good to feel a bat in my hands with the sun on my back.

The young man shouted "Ball!" then loped two lazy strides towards me and threw his arm over.

My eyesight wasn't as good as it had been in my heyday, and all I know is that something came down over my right shoulder and landed on top of my wicket. I stared foolishly behind me, then glanced at the young man.

He was smiling.

"See what I mean?" he asked.

"Do it again!" I snapped. A googly, indeed! Well, there was one very good way of dealing with googlies. I determined to lift the ball to the other side of the field and have the young man chase after it in the hot sun.

But I didn't see the next ball either. I can't explain how it was done. It was as if someone was standing behind the wicket, and, when the young man threw up his arm, it became a signal for my bails to go.

He sent down ten balls in all, and I hit one. I suppose I just slogged out at it. It went high into the air, and the young man ran back to catch it.

I flung my bat down.

"It just isn't cricket!" I cried. He shrugged.

"Now you see why they won't play me in the village team!" he said.

Suddenly all my annoyance disappeared. Here I had been acting like a child when, right in front of me, was the cricketing sensation of the century. With this youngster in the Lentshire side, the county championship was as good as won!

I WAS still enough of a batsman myself to know that the bowling I had faced was quite unplayable. If left alone the ball dropped on top of the wicket. If touched by a wild sweep it spun up into an easy catch.

"What's your name, lad?" I asked.

"Albert Mogson, sir," he said; and, reading my expression: "What do you think, sir?"

"Listen, Albert Mogson," I said, "how would you like to play for Lentshire this season?"

"Me—play for Lentshire?"

"I'll get you a trial with the second team so that my colleagues can see you at work. Then—then we'll put you into the County side."

He gave a great shout of laughter. "Eee, I'd like to see their faces when they hear about this."

I supposed he meant the other villagers, and I told him I thought he'd better keep things to himself for a bit. I had a feeling I might not have acted altogether wisely.

After Mogson's second team try-out—he dismissed a visiting side for eight runs and five runs—he was included in the County team to play at Hemtshire at Lentchester on the following Wednesday.

It's old history but worth repeating. He bowled only four overs in all, taking

Mogson tried to shield himself from blows rained on him by a girl wielding a parasol

nineteen wickets for seventeen runs, and Lentshire, who had batted first, won the game by an innings and 165 runs.

I was frequently blamed throughout that hot, lovely summer for ever discovering Mogson. Not all my colleagues were as keen to see Lentshire at the top of the table as I was. Most of them, they constantly reminded me, watched cricket because they liked cricket.

"This isn't cricket!" old Parsons, the club treasurer, told me. "It—it's gymnastics. We're going to get ourselves thoroughly disliked, mark my words!"

I felt uneasy at times, too, I must admit. For Lentshire never lost a game. Once rain saved Leicestershire and a draw resulted. For the most part it was pure slaughter before that strange, unaccountable googly of Mogson's, and very soon Lentshire was second in the table to the unbeaten Dorkshire team.

The Lentshire men didn't like Mogson's bowling—any more than our opponents did—though they had nothing against the lad himself.

One day towards the end of July, I read in the *Daily Echo* the most bitter attack on Mogson yet. The article was signed by George Carpenter, doyen of cricketing writers.

"The sooner Lentshire return this impossible acrobat to the obscurity from which he sprang, the better," was the theme of Carpenter's article.

THAT day Lentshire was playing Melburyshire at the Lentchester ground. As usual I was sitting in the pavilion watching the game from the members' room. Lentshire had batted first and had scored only 122 runs.

In the ordinary course of events Melburyshire would have gone in, knocked up a good total, and dismissed its opponents for another hundred runs or so and won the match by an innings.

But Melburyshire ended its first innings in twenty-two minutes. Mogson took ten wickets for four runs. Eight runs were scored off Pluckley, who bowled at the other end.

I remember glancing across at the Press box. George Carpenter sat with his eyes narrowed and his shoulders hunched in disgust. I looked away. For some reason I felt ashamed. Of course, Melburyshire followed on. Their second innings lasted fifteen minutes and thirty-two seconds. This fine side, which contained three England batsmen, managed to add another eight runs.

"Do you realize what this is costing us in gate money," old Parsons hissed as he passed behind my chair. "Another one-day match like this and we'll be in the bankruptcy courts."

Albert Mogson walked off the field alone. I could see, even at that distance, that there was a purposeful glint in his eyes. To my surprise he made, not for the players' dressing room, but for the Press box.

George Carpenter, just emerging, went down the steps, notebook in hand. As in dumb show I saw what happened. Albert said something, Carpenter turned as if surprised at being accosted; then he, too, spoke. Then he was lying on his back rubbing his jaw.

I broke into a run. But before I could reach Mogson a white-clad fury had launched itself from the shadows of the building. Mogson put up his arm to shield himself from the blows rained on him by a vigorous young woman wielding a parasol

"Hitting a man old enough to be your father!" the girl cried. I recognized Carpenter's daughter.

"You'd better make yourself scarce, Mogson," I snapped. "Come on now, man! You've done enough damage already."

But he did not move. He stood like a man in a trance looking down at the slim figure of the girl helping her father to his feet.

"Let me help——" he began. Her look would have discouraged a tougher character. But George Carpenter had almost recovered. He shook his head and laughed at the big young man. "I asked for it!" was all he said, then, with a wink at me, he allowed himself to be drawn away by his daughter.

That happened a fortnight before the last match of the season, when Lentshire was due to meet Dorkshire at Lentchester. Dorkshire was just ahead of Lentshire in the county table. The final game would decide the season's championship.

Mogson had not been punished for his assault on George Carpenter, though several members of the committee had wanted to suspend him. I had talked them round, and, as Mogson seemed repentent enough, the matter had been allowed to drop.

After the incident he was a changed man. His bowling created as much havoc as before; but now he mooned around without a word for anyone, as if he had some worry he couldn't share.

Excitement rose with the approach of the big match. All reserved seats for the first day had been sold. The gates were opened at nine o'clock; within half an hour every space on the "popular side" was filled.

I first heard that Mogson was missing as I went through my letters at the office. Old Parsons rang up. There was triumph in his wheezy old voice.

"No one knows where he is!" he declared. "We'll have to play Johnson, after all."

Ramming the receiver back on its rest, I pushed past my secretary and set out for the ground. With the game due to start in an hour, Mogson had disappeared. He wasn't in his lodgings; even barber shops and cafés had been searched.

Johnson had been told to stand by. As Tony Andrews, the Lentshire captain, gave this order I saw the hang-dog expression, which for some time had clouded his face, disappear. At least Lentshire would go down fighting. And the defeat would be in the true tradition of cricket.

I WENT up to the members' room. For quite a while a laugh and a cheerful word had been the exception in this room. But now even old Parsons was relating, in his puffing voice, an anecdote of his youth, a sure sign that he was in high spirits.

And all this because Albert Mogson had disappeared, the man who, for the first time in history, had given Lentshire a chance of being county champions.

The sun was tipping the old beeches with gold and the chimes of the parish church clock rang out the quarter as someone touched my shoulder.

"Mogson's come, sir," said the attendant. "He's changing!"

Tony Andrews came to meet me. I hurried downstairs.

"I suppose I'll have to play Mogson?" he said.

"Well, Tony, you're the skipper."

He had a battle with himself.

"O.K., he plays," he muttered.

As you may remember, Dorkshire won the toss and elected to bat. I suppose the idea was to get the worst over.

As usual, Mogson was put on to bowl at the pavilion end. The crowd, holding its breath, seemed to sense the tragedy. Dorkshire, a team which gleamed with famous names, would be slaughtered to give our citizens a Roman holiday.

Mogson took his few strides forward and released his first ball. I wished the whole thing was over; it was the first time I've ever wished a game finished before it began.

Then the crowd gasped.

For Mogson's arm had come over, the ball had travelled down the pitch in seemly fashion, and had cocked up before the batsman as if begging to be hit to the boundary.

It was. Tranter, of Dorkshire, was not going to miss such a chance. The next five balls were similar, except that the sixth was hit up into the crowd. Dorkshire started the day with twenty-six runs for no wickets—in one over.

In his second over, Mogson bowled two wides and was twice again hit for six. But I saw Mogson shrug his shoulders with a grin. He did not seem at all put out.

Lentshire toiled all day in the hot sun, and Dorkshire knocked up three hundred and fifty-five runs for three wickets.

Mogson had no success at all. After four overs he did not bowl again—though he took a brilliant catch low down in the slips.

After the day was over I sought him out at his lodgings. He was in his bedroom shaving. He gave me a wide grin.

"Hallo, sir!" he cried. "Come along in! Hope you don't mind me shaving, but—well, I'm going out this evening and——"

"What the devil happened today? What was the idea of bowling like you did? You let the side down."

He scraped at his chin, and looked over his shoulder at me with a slow smile. "I suppose they've told you I've been a bit upset lately, like?"

I nodded.

"You'll recall how I knocked George Carpenter down for what he said about me in his paper? That was the first time I set eyes on his daughter and—and it knocked the stuffing out of me."

I began to see what was coming next.

"I fell in love with her at first sight, sir," he said. "I couldn't get her out of my mind. I wrote and asked her for forgiveness. But she never replied. It fair took the life out of me, sir. Then—then this morning I had a letter asking me to go and see her."

So that's where he had been.

"She and her father are staying at the hotel for the Dorkshire match," he said. "She saw me in her sitting-room. She—she said the only sort of bowling she approved of was clean, fast bowling hurled down at the wicket. Deadly stuff—but honest. But she said she would forgive me if I promise to play the game in future and bowl as a sportsman should—even if I, myself, couldn't come up to her ideal of a bowler. I can't bowl that way, myself, you know. If I'm 'sporting' I'm a dud. But I promised to try. I also asked her to go to the pictures with me tonight. That's why I'm in a hurry, sir."

What could I say? I was a bachelor. Cricket has always meant more to me than women.

AFTER the Dorkshire match, which Lentshire lost by an innings and 204 runs, Mogson never played again. He married Miss Carpenter and bought a farm near Biggington—with his father-in-law's money, I am told.

I only saw him once again, and, strangely enough, that was today. I'm no longer on the committee, of course, but I like to sit in the sun, as do most old men, so I come to the Lentchester ground whenever there is cricket to be seen.

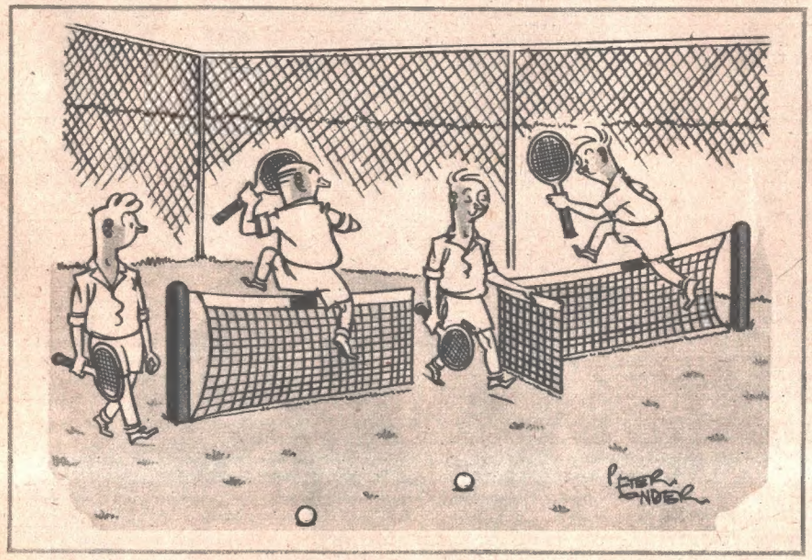
Mogson had come to watch the second team, as I had. By his side was a pretty middle-aged woman with a sweet face beneath greying hair. She had her arm through Albert's as they sat on a bench near the Pavilion watching the game.

A tall, fair-haired kid ran up to bowl. The ball shot down the pitch, kicked wickedly, and uprooted the batsman's stump.

I looked at my score card for the name of Number 6, then glanced across at the middle-aged couple who sat watching their son, such pride in their shining eyes.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THOUGH there will be thousands at Epsom racecourse on Saturday, few will see the colourful scene depicted by Gilbert Wilkinson in his cover painting. It's the weighing room, where the spry, nimble little men go through a last-minute check before lining up for the "mad mile and a half." Wilkinson has no hot tips to offer. "The horse swore me to secrecy," he declares.



ONLY BREAD CAN BEAT COMMUNISM

The Italian election results knocked Communism down — but not out. Conditions in Italy supply a lesson which the world must learn if political extremes are to be banished

by MATTHEW HALTON

Hunger-march through Rome. In hotel: bacon and eggs for breakfast

ONE DAY IN 1935, on my first visit to Rome, an Italian friend told me he was going to join the Fascist Party. I asked why, and he said: "It's simple. I'm hungry, and I want a job."

Thirteen years later I met him again, a haggard man who had lost an arm in the war, and he said he was going to vote Communist in the national election. "You see," he explained, "I'm still hungry."

Countless millions of people, from Italy to China and from China to Peru, feel the same way. To them the world struggle is not ideological or abstract, but a matter of rice or spaghetti. That cause will win the world which gets there first with the most bread; and that is why the struggle against Communist domination, far from being over, has only begun.

In the Italian elections two months ago it was only the golden stream of American wheat and the moral dictatorship of the Catholic Church that saved Italy from a Communist majority. And in spite of the Church and its powerful pressures, Communism is not beaten in Italy yet, and will not be beaten until almost insoluble problems have somehow been solved.

A first glance at Italy today is a startling eye-opener to anyone coming from Britain. There is an abundance of everything, for those who can buy it. Hundreds of new American cars roll down the streets. Luxurious blocks of flats and villas are going up. There is a New Look, not only in clothes, which is impressive after the dowdiness of London. The people are working and building with all the vitality and imagination of a vital and imaginative people.

And there could not be better food in the world—at that first glance.

Waiter Offered Anything

On my first morning in Rome after several weeks in Paris, I rang for breakfast. I was used to the inedible bread and tea, without sugar, milk or butter, of even a good Paris hotel; but now, when I asked what there was for breakfast, the waiter said I could have "anything in the world." I had delicious white rolls, orange juice, good butter and good coffee, cream, sugar, bacon and eggs.

I had lunch that day with some wealthy Italians. The first course consisted of smoked salmon and quails' tongues in aspic. The second was an artichoke with a superb sauce. The third was scalloped shrimps and fried oysters. For the main course there was a choice of beefsteak or baked ham. Then there was asparagus, with another superb sauce.

Finally, besides cheeses and savouries, there were huge bowls of strawberries, covered first with orange juice and then with cream.

That night I had dinner in a basement slum flat with a taxi-driver with whom I had struck up an acquaintance. It was the main meal of the day for him and his wife and children. It consisted of spaghetti with a tiny quantity of oil, and half an orange each. A bit of spaghetti is the diet of many millions of Italians.

The taxi-driver was a practising Catholic but an ardent Communist.

I told him of a conversation I had had that morning with a monsignorial dignitary in the Vatican, who had told me that life is not a matter of spaghetti versus beefsteak, but of Christ versus the Devil. "For most Italians," snorted the taxi-driver, "it's certainly not a matter of spaghetti or beefsteak; it's whether we get spaghetti or nothing at all."

A Glass of Milk

In Rome I drank a glass of milk for the first time in three years, and when I mentioned that to a head waiter he hardly believed me. "You like milk?" he asked. "Then why don't you drink it?"

I tried to explain that in Britain, though sixty per cent more milk is consumed than before the war, it is consumed in the national interest—by those who need it most; and that in Britain the standards of living, of nutrition and of health have actually risen for the people as a whole since rationing started in 1940. It is far different in Italy, where millions never get enough to eat.

And this, of course, is the answer to the pinheads and malcontents among us who spend a few days in the cafés of the Via Veneto in Rome and then complain about rationing in Britain.

The "spectre of Communism" is the spectre of hunger; and that is why Italy, the most Catholic country in the world, has the largest Communist Party in the world outside Russia. It has two million inscribed members—and had over eight million adherents at the last election even though the Church had proscribed Communism as "a mortal sin."

Italy has forty-six million people—ten million too many. Nearly one-half the working population is on the land. Before the war, in this mountain country, these diligent people produced ninety-two per cent of the nation's food.

Half of the cultivated land is mountainous and sub-arid, yet every foot of it is worked, much of it with spades and hoes and nothing else. For twenty centuries the hungry generations have moiled and toiled with marvellous vigour; they have drained and irrigated, and terraced the mountainsides to save every grain of soil, and ground the very rock to mix with weed and manure and make into earth. Yet most of their toil is owned by others.

One per cent of the farms of Italy include forty-two per cent of all the land, and their owners take forty-six per cent of all agricultural income.

In northern Italy there are many peasant proprietors. But in central Italy there is a form of semi-serfdom called Mezzadria—the peasant works a piece of land and turns over fifty per cent of the produce to the landowner.

In the south and in Sicily there is the notorious Lattafundia system, which has been a scandal for nearly two thousand years. Many of the overseers are plain gangsters, members of the Maffia. Many of the absentee landlords remind one of the Egyptian pashas. They are ostentatious and callous. Even in embassies and legations in Rome, not usually hotbeds of radicalism, I heard people say more than once: "If I were an Italian I'd be a Communist."

Countess Was Shocked

A remark made to me by a sleek and elegant comtessa at a Roman party was quite in the Marie Antoinette class.

"Our peasants don't need as many calories as northern workers," she said. "You should hear them singing at their work!" When I suggested that perhaps one of these days they would be singing the "Carmagnole," she announced shrilly to the room at large that a Communist had got in!

With an owning class of that mentality, and with such terrible extremes of poverty and wealth, Communism is far from finished.

Neither, incidentally, is Fascism. Italy has 356 political parties (that is not a misprint), and one of them is the neo-Fascist "Italian Social Movement." To hear these young thugs shouting "Death to the Jews!" as I did, to watch them in broad daylight befouling a Jewish war memorial in the Roman ghetto, made one wonder why the war was fought. One Fascist leader told me Mussolini was the greatest Italian that ever lived.

"By the way," I asked him, "what's the Fascist programme these days, apart from the usual gallant struggle against the Jews?"

"Italy is our programme!" he chanted. "We don't want Russia and we don't want America."

"But what would you do without American food, coal, steel and clothes?" I continued. "Don't you think America is pretty generous?"

His reply was the coolest piece of impudence I have heard in years: "You invaded our country and half-destroyed it from end to end. It's only right that you should get us back on our feet."

Some Nasty Bedfellows

This gentleman also said: "It's clear to everybody now, even to the British and Americans, that we Fascists have been right all the time. Why don't you admit you were wrong to fight us?"

Which underlines the unpleasant thing any non-Communist is up against these days. You have some nasty bedfellows, chum. You are lined up with Fascists, with reactionaries of many kinds, with the hooded fanatics of Navarre, with the gorgeous gallery of the moral and intellectual underworld, with the heartless and the cruel; with the Jew-baiting morons; with Franco.

Neither the Communists nor the Fascists will be beaten unless the Christian Democrats take the most drastic measures against poverty and reaction.

The chief cause of Italian poverty is not even the selfishness and callousness of the rich so much as the hard facts of economics and over-population. Italy

Continued on page 15

OUNTBATTEN

As last Viceroy of India, Louis speculation about the future o weakness with me to think I

WHEN I ASKED A MAN who had served on H.M.S. *Kelly* what he thought of Lord Mountbatten I received the reply: "Mountbatten is the sort of fellow who'd run a hundred yards race with God and offer Him a ten yards start."

In the past nine years Mountbatten has been making more progress towards world fame by apparently not doing anything to push himself forward than any other man in recent history. In 1939 he was captain of a destroyer flotilla. In 1941 he became Chief of Combined Operations. In 1943 he became Supreme Commander in South-East Asia. In 1946 he became Viceroy of India. Now he is leaving India and his future is anyone's guess.

Contrary to the popular notion of a reluctant Mountbatten who only wishes to go back to sea and command another tin-can like the *Kelly*, Mountbatten hungers for leadership in a big way. Pomp and circumstance is meat and drink to him. He would like to go on and on and up and up. His strength is his belief in himself. His weaknesses: vanity and flamboyance.

Yet he is also something of an unknown quantity. Mountbatten suffers from what they call a bad past—by that I mean a past which does not conform to what is usually expected. He is that kind of man who is a hero to the world but something of a perpetual surprise to his own batman.

No other man in the headlines is such a mass of contradictions. Some of the old-fashioned Indian civil servants in the Oriental Club, as honourably antique as the well-padded furniture they sit on, call him by the nickname, "Lord Mountebank." But ask Will Lawther, president of the National Union of Mineworkers, what he thinks. "Mountbatten is the world's greatest statesman—and I have met most of them from Stalin to Roosevelt."

To add substance to Lawther's acclamation, listen to Harold Laski. Laski, a leading Labour Party intellectual, says: "He is altogether the ablest man to come out of royalty in the present generation. He has energy, courage, tact, initiative and magnanimity. He has social conscience. His wife has even more."

Lord Louis is something of a Laski convert. At the last General Election he said to friends that if he did vote he would vote Labour—"the only party with a policy." So far, Mountbatten hasn't changed this view.

It is rumoured that Mountbatten, with India behind him, will get yet another big post. In September last he was mentioned by one political commentator as a candidate for the Cabinet. He has been successively tipped as the next Governor of Victoria, and as our new Ambassador to Moscow.

The German Christian Socialist Party, headed by Dr. Schreiber, even walked down Whitehall, tapping on many doors, suggesting Lord Louis as king of a South German state. Further in the realm of fantasy, expectant (if unknowledgeable) American papers tipped him as Attlee's successor in that troubled chair at No. 10.

It is interesting to learn what makes men tick. What moves Mountbatten?

He is a departure from tradition—always more interesting than tradition itself. In 1940 I was a machine-gunner on an oil tanker. We were doing the Atlantic run. On one trip we broke convoy after torpedoing and ran the blockade alone. Off the Orkneys we were gunned by three Messerschmitts. Late in an autumn afternoon a U-boat came in to finish us off. That U-boat never got back to Wilhelmshaven. Over the skyline came a grey smudge, travelling at thirty-two knots. Later that smudge materialized alongside as a destroyer. "That's the *Kelly*," said my first mate. It was my first, if fleeting, acquaintanceship of the man some naval people called Mad Mountbatten.

The *Kelly* was a legend. She was a do-or-die ship.

Twice Mountbatten brought the *Kelly* home when she had been heavily damaged. A story is told of the second attack on the *Kelly*. The captain of another warship signalled: "Prepare to abandon ship. Intend to sink you."

Mountbatten signalled back: "Shall open fire on the first ——— who tries anything of the sort." He got his ship home.

Loves the Nelson Touch

That's one of the Mountbatten secrets. He loves the Nelson touch.

Not everybody in the Navy liked him. As a destroyer leader he was at times an absolute menace. He is said to have turned the *Kelly* so quickly that his own depth charges once nearly blew the stern off. That kind of brash, over-daring characterizes his approach to life.

What kind of background creates this behaviour? The story opens in 1916 with a young midshipman joining H.M.S. *Lion*. In these early days he emitted a loud naval shriek when excited. If his royal blood did him no harm, it did not very noticeably speed his promotion.

And if he did a lot of good Navy work between the wars, he chose to hide it from his London friends. He married Edwina Ashley, one of the richest girls in society. In the social set of Mayfair, the summer manoeuvres of the bright young couple were no less elaborately conceived and scarcely less expensive to execute than those of H.M. Fleet. Mountbatten had married the unique example of that contradiction in terms—an aristocratic and a rich young woman with brains. Both shared the same passion for playing.

He was companion to Edward, Prince of Wales. His other friends were actors like the late Douglas Fairbanks, Noel Coward, Paul Robeson and Fred Astaire (who once shocked Queen Mary by dancing the Charleston with Edwina).

Edwina was entertained—and irritated—as wives will be, by his passion for gadgets. Once at a critical moment while she was having a baby they found him in

• • • What will his next job be?

Mountbatten impressed the world. Now there is much the man who once told Churchill: "It is a congenital an do any job" • *by Claud Morris*

the bath, oblivious to events, playing manoeuvres with a toy boat. He built his Park Lane bedroom into an exact reproduction of the cabin of a cruiser, even having portholes, instead of windows, that looked out on a painted imitation of the harbour at Malta.

Seats at their Mayfair home began to be infested with smoothies from the fashionable racecourses. There were also various hangers-on who had perhaps been asked once to lunch and thereafter came unbidden to rub elbows with the great.

A Period of Cynicism

This social set had in itself no social distinction. It was a force acting in an unknown direction. Mountbatten had to play. He had to do *something*. In that cynical interval between 1918 and 1928, when people changed from being bored with the last war to being scared about the next, Mountbatten, too, had his short interval of cynical observation. The explanation of playboy Mountbatten is as simple as all that.

Eleven years later he was the destroyer leader who feared neither Hun nor Hell, though some people said he was no different from hundreds of fellows who never quite found a niche in the restless world until Hitler provided them with their chance to show greatness.

Another phase began one night in 1943 at Quebec City. Churchill asked Mountbatten to take a walk up the heights with him, the scene of that great French battle against the British.

Both stood there, looking out over the glittering lights of Quebec City, to the distant Laurentian Mountains. Speaking quietly, Churchill offered the young man "a command in the East." Mountbatten hesitated for a moment. "I mean as Supreme Commander of all Allied Forces," emphasized Churchill. Mountbatten turned. "You know, sir," he said, "it is a congenital weakness with me to think I can do any job."

Why did Churchill give him a big plum which half a dozen Allied commanders were waiting to seize? It is said that Mountbatten was appointed "for old time's sake." In 1914 his father, Prince Louis of Battenberg, mustered the fleet for Winston Churchill, and performed a great public service. The nation screamed at Battenberg as a German prince. He was sacked from his job as First Sea Lord. But Churchill never forgot.

Was that why Churchill had pushed Louis into Roger Keyes's position as head of the Commandos? That Churchill "push" had marked the end of Mountbatten, destroyer captain, and the beginning of Mountbatten, war leader and statesman.

Results proved Churchill right in his judgment. Here was, certainly, not just another able, rich playboy, even if the apples did fall pretty rapidly into his lap.

Yet, as "Supremo," with headquarters at Kandy, Ceylon, Mountbatten became a headline hero again. He wore more medals than Goering—twenty-six in all. Whenever anybody gave him a new decoration he immediately sent all his uniforms to the tailor to have it sewn on. Very much a débutant soldier, not a hair out of place, Mountbatten was careful—too careful—about his profile in photographs. Some Yanks called him Lord Kandy Dandy.

The Army in the East fell into two opinions about him. There were those who were not the first to fall under his spell, nor the last either. And there were those who suspected "the pushing young princeling."

Men who saw Mountbatten addressing troops for the first time were impressed. Later, after days of acquaintanceship, they still classed him as a "terrific charmer." He said himself, "I can get on with anyone," and proved it.

Did Mountbatten know, all this while, where he was going? Undoubtedly. To the world he might present himself as the man who wanted to get back to the tin-can *Kelly*. With himself, he had no illusions. Once, on his way to S.E.A.C., he is reported to have said publicly in his mess: "I'm going to be Viceroy of India. That's the next step."

Back in England after the war, he attended a senior officers' technical course at Portsmouth.

The one thing anyone noticed: he was always wide awake in the long watches of the afternoon when most of the brass-hat students were permitted a little somnolence. (He eschewed the pre-lunch gin which induces this condition.)

The Cambridge Union asked him to debate "the international disclosure of scientific secrets." Mountbatten was prepared to support the motion—certainly an advanced view for any admiral. Then came second thoughts. The subject for debate was changed to a frivolous one—"that this House would like to go back to Methuselah." Who was responsible? It was Lord Mountbatten himself.

He told Union officials that he wanted the change because of the international situation. Mountbatten was watching his step.

A few months later, and he was off on the biggest job of his career—as the last Viceroy of India.

His Secret in India

What was the Mountbatten secret of success in India? He succeeded chiefly because he was ready to do things Lord Wavell, his predecessor, was not prepared to do. It wasn't a question of giving up British prestige, but of making British prestige into something else.

His wife had the idea, too. When she arrived, she saw a railed-off crowd. "What's that?" she asked. And having been told that these were lepers she went in among them and chatted.

Calculatingly, tirelessly, her husband disarmed most of the political leaders in the country. Old tradition required that anybody who sought invitation to the Viceroy's house should write his name in a guest book at the gate. Then, if the Viceroy deemed him a worthy soul, he might some day be summoned to "the presence."

Many Indians had quite rightly banned this archaic British precedent of "the book." Mountbatten ignored it, too. Edwina sent out cards to people she had never seen, and sometimes she called on them first.

That genius for gesture is shown by the man who sat cross-legged in his Savile Row suit, on a blazing Indian day, before Gandhi's funeral pyre.

There is my picture of Mountbatten. He has been that way ever since he was born. As a protesting noble infant, he tore the spectacles off the nose of his great-grandma, Queen Victoria, while being christened.

Once His Mind is Made Up

He has ruthlessness and determination. Once his mind is made up he will not hesitate to sacrifice his friends or anyone else in the achievement of an object. His belief in himself explains his expert showmanship, even down to the special distinguishing letters MB which he went to endless trouble to put on the number plate of his motor car. The world may praise him. But Mountbatten *knows* he has good looks. He *is* clever. He *is* charming.

His chief fault is that he can't delegate. He tells a man to go off and give someone a dressing down and later the man finds it has already been done by Mountbatten himself.

One of his aides said: "It is not possible to work with this man except on an armistice of terms, and only tolerable as long as both parties fence off large parts of their lives as individual territory."

His chief talents are these. He is a man who treats everything as a mission. He believes that whatever he is doing is of enormous importance. And he is a great man for assembling all the evidence. He will never take a step affecting policy without having first mastered all the relevant facts and asked the views of many divergent people. Then he makes up his mind.

His hero is his own father. They are very much alike. When Lord Louis, as "Supremo," stepped from his car on his way to accept Jap surrender at Singapore, a senior naval officer standing there said: "Put a beard on him and it might be old Battenberg's ghost." It's certain that he wants to put his father right with history.

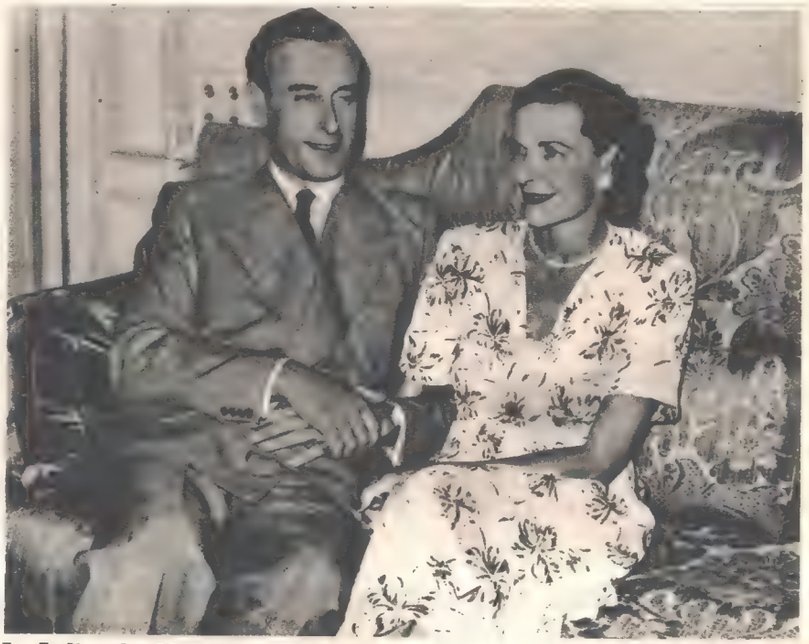
"When I am doing a thing," he says, "I always think, *how will that look in the history books in ten years' time?*"

In 1911 there was a popular saying: "If you are against Battenberg in manoeuvres you can count on being beaten." Lord Louis today is a champion manoeuvrer. If in France, this remarkable man would be a leading Gaullist. In the U.S.A. he'd undoubtedly run for the White House. In Russia he'd probably be considered so much of a challenger to the military hierarchy that, like Timoshenko, he'd be back-pedalled to some Siberian command.

I don't think he will go to Moscow. Neither will he take any minor post in a Dominion after his triumph in India. And it would be out of the question for any government to put high-ranking royalty into a domestic political post. This man could never see himself pronouncing judgment across some departmental desk in Whitehall.

What, then, of the future? There may yet be other trouble spots big enough to engage the Mountbatten talent for diplomacy, conciliation and action. But Mountbatten's own ambition is to be First Sea Lord, an appointment his father once held. He would like to be chairman of the Chiefs-of-Staffs Committee.

And if I had to suggest a job big enough for Lord Louis I would one day make him leader of British Combined Forces in this atomic age.



In India, the Mountbattens gave a new interpretation to British prestige

Mrs. B. M. Whettor, thirty-three year old mother of nine, with son Frederick and baby Stewart. On left, Jean, Gillian, Peter, John, Mary, Terence and Frances

FREE SPEECH

The Things Farmers Have To Put Up With
Laundries Should Pay For Losses
The Real Way To Know If You're In Love

TWO YEARS AGO, my father, a farmer, ordered a plough from a well-known firm. It arrived in April of this year but was altogether unsuitable as it had been put together from well-worn parts, and the body was of a different type.

I do not blame the firm: they did their best with old parts not required for export, but it is an example of the many frustrations farmers have to suffer.

A more serious setback came from the local Feeding Stuffs Officer who pointed out that as the previous month's milk yield was below average, no ration coupons were being issued for the month following, this regardless of the fact that only part of the herd was in milk at the time.

I wonder what the miner would say if, when his most important tool was unobtainable and output dropped, he had his rations stopped!—W. J. HUMAN, Hall Cottage, West Street, Isleham, Ely, Cambs.

Nation of Kitchen Gardens

David Noble

BRITAIN must realize that she is no longer the factory of the world and that no amount of regulation will enable four per cent of the population to feed the rest.

Off with the black coats and white collars and back to the land. Let this nation turn its countryside into a garden—a kitchen garden. Let every corner be used to good purpose.

The devil take the export drive and Marshall Aid. If we use what we've got we shall never want.—DAVID NOBLE, Coedmawr, Dolwyddelan, Caerns.

Lost in the Wash

UNTIL LAUNDRIES are made liable for the full value of articles lost there will always be the apparent indifference on the part of the managements concerned to the losses suffered by the public.

Articles simply cannot get "lost." They are either pilfered, destroyed or returned to the wrong customer. Laundries should be made to pay for negligence.—H. G. GUY, 20 Ryland Road, Kentish Town, London, N.5.

Pre-marriage "Medical"

IN HIS ARTICLE, "Preparing for Marriage" (JOHN BULL, May 15), Dr. Harvey Graham advocated medical examination before marriage. My own experience has been most discouraging.

Before my marriage at the beginning of this year I went to a local hospital and asked for a T.B. X-ray and a general overhaul as I had just returned from two years' service in the Far East. They refused to do anything without a doctor's certificate.

On applying to a doctor I was refused a certificate: sounding with a stethoscope was, he said, quite sufficient. And to add insult to injury he entered my complaint on my Approved Society certificate as "neurosis."—D. BROYD, 27 Sandhurst Road, Bexley, Kent.

Could They Bear Being Apart?

I DISAGREE with your Dutch reader who thinks that a boy and girl can be sure of each other's love if they'll use each other's toothbrush without hesitation (JOHN BULL, May 15).

There are many people who will use each other's combs and brushes not because of mutual affection but because they have no sense of hygiene.

If people are not sure whether they are in love they should consider whether they can contemplate life without the other person. If the thought is unendurable, they are definitely in love.—MISS LILY WINTHROP, Flat 2, 148 Randolph Avenue, London, W.9.

He's Not Giving Up

AFTER SOME YEARS of pipe dreams, I recently decided to start a business of my own and began the hopeless task of trying to persuade various Ministries to give me the necessary allocations of material.

After a week or two of "Refer to Dept. X" and "Passed to Dept. Y for action," I grew despondent, and felt like dropping the idea.

Then I read an article in JOHN BULL by Roland Wild (May 8), in which he said "the Cypriots and Italians and French are braving the jungle of red tape" while the Englishmen give up and emigrate. With the firm conviction that I'm worth two of any Cypriot or Italian I've decided to continue the battle for my business. Thanks for the inspiration.—ANTHONY E. COATES, "Askari," Warfield, Berks.

Makers Should Cotton On

WHEN WILL WOOL manufacturers make half-ounce skeins? Very often, a garment takes only two and a half or three and a half ounces, and one is left with small balls of wool.

When having an inch or less to do it is maddening to have to buy a full skein. Striped jumpers often need only a few yards of each colour.—MISS G. EMERY, 23 Glanbrydan Avenue, Swansea.

Typists Don't Want Stands

AS AN EX-TYPIST I was very interested in T. Bradshaw's plea for copy-holders for typewriters on the lines of music stands (JOHN BULL, May 15).

This type of holder was issued to all typists at the Ordnance Depot where I worked during the war. At first we were greatly taken with the idea, but within a few weeks we were all back to the old method of keeping the copy at our side on the desk.

If a typist has a proper desk and her chair at a comfortable height there is no reason why she should develop a stiff neck.—MRS. E. HUTCHIESON, 69 Newhouse, Stirling, Scotland.

Contented Mother

OWING TO THE HOUSING shortage we are, like many others, very overcrowded. At the age of thirty-three I find myself living in a small cottage in the heart of the country with my five boys and four girls.

No water, no sanitation, nowhere to put half my furniture; but the funny part of it is that I'm quite happy. Everyone seems to think I should be very worried. Even my husband doesn't quite approve of my being content, and the only thing that does worry me is his dissatisfaction with our small dwelling.

I get no end of pleasure out of seeing how many flowers and vegetables I can grow and how many chickens I can rear before I retire for a short spell when my next baby arrives in a couple of months.—MRS. B. M. WHETTOR, Pencoise, Creed, Grampound, Cornwall.

More Rabbits, Please

WHY ARE RABBITS so scarce? With meat in short supply and dollars so urgently needed it is strange that a fruitful source of both should be completely neglected and even discouraged by the Government.

Rabbits are almost a luxury today and housewives are asked as much as five shillings each. The pelts are even more valuable to hatters and furriers, not only in this country but also in America.

Yet, despite the demand, this animal is blacklisted by the Ministry of Agriculture as a pest.—J. A. FARRELL, 15 Dane Road, Denton, Manchester.

Time to Pray

THE OTHER day I saw the only church clock in England that delivers a sermon. Lettered around the dial is a quotation from Matthew xxvi, 41: "Watch and pray" [*see cut*].

The church is at Westacre, a lovely little village near Swaffham, Norfolk.—FRANK MARRIOTT, 30 Elm Road North, Prenton, Birkenhead.

High-powered Girl

DENNIS HOLMAN, in his article "In the Swim for the Olympics" (JOHN BULL, May 15), stated that Elinor Gordon, the Hamilton schoolgirl swimmer, did the two hundred yards breaststroke in 73.6 seconds.

Surely this is a mistake, for the best time of Mike Taylor, a free-style swimmer, formerly of Olympic standard, was fifty yards in 23 2/5 seconds, thus making his time for two hundred yards well over ninety-four seconds.—MAURICE COLE, 42 Lees Hall Road, Norton Lees, Sheffield, 8.

*** *Sorry. Through no fault of the writer, Elinor Gordon was inadvertently jet-propelled twice her distance. Timing was, of course, for one hundred yards.*—EDITOR.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

ONLY BREAD CAN BEAT COMMUNISM:

Continued from page 11

is just not rich enough to support forty-six million people. Even now, when her affairs are booming, she has more than two million registered unemployed and two million others who cannot really be said to work. There are ten or twelve million Italians too many.

The only long-term solutions are birth control and emigration. But birth control is condemned by the Church. And as for emigration, where can they go?

"We can go to our colonies as soon as you give them back," reply the Italians. "And you can raise your immigration quotas so we can go to Canada, the United States, South America and Australia."

The Italians do not *ask* for the return of their colonies, they demand it as a right. They went to war with the main idea of conquering Egypt and all the Middle East and anything else that looked good, and now they call it a hideous injustice that Cyrenaica and Tripoli should have been taken away from them just because they lost the war.

I heard one Italian say after the election: "Now that we have beaten Communism for you we deserve the gratitude of the world."

Well, they may get their colonies back. But the North African deserts will not solve the problems of Italian over-population.

American dollars saved Italy last April from slipping under the Iron Curtain. But even in America dollars do not grow on trees, and the golden stream will not flow for ever. Italy must solve her most urgent problems in the next few years—or else ban the Communist Party. Mario Scelba, Italy's tough, able Minister of the Interior, is playing with that very idea. So is America, for that matter.

But it is reform, not witch-hunting, which cuts the ground from under Communism—a lesson we still have to learn.

Father Lombardi Catches On

In Italy just now a Catholic evangelist named Father Lombardi is stirring the masses. In the last few months this strange Jesuit, a kind of Gandhi, carrying an umbrella and a ragged suitcase, physically unprepossessing and even faintly ludicrous, has taken religious Italy by storm. He preaches the gospel of love and gentleness in a way that moves great crowds to weeping emotion.

When the crowd cries: "Down with Communism!" he protests sadly, and says there are many features of Communism which must be incorporated into Christian practice.

"Now that is the dynamic that democracy needs," said Prime Minister de Gasperi one day. "It needs reform, and Christ. The most precious thing in the world is Christian tradition."

I should like to believe that. But we can only ask, in all humility, why is it that after so many centuries of the Christian tradition more than eight million Italians were ready to discard it? It was not the Christian tradition that beat the Communists in the last election, though the dread injunctions of the Pope played a powerful part; it was bread from America.

One-third of the Italians are illiterate; cannot even read the Book which is the source of the Christian tradition. Christian Democracy will not defeat Communism by force nor even by ideas, unless it can feed its children and offer them a share in the glory of the world.

They Listen While They Scrub

by FRANK TILSLEY

Many housewives keep just an ear on the radio as they cook, dust or scrub. Others take time off to do some pretty solid daytime listening

Joan Griffiths introduces *Woman's Hour*. Is it too "middle class"?

"RADIO?" echoed the man who opened the door to my knock. "Don't ask me about radio—ask the missus. Strikes me it's the women who hear all the decent programmes. By the time I get home at night there's naught worth listening to."

Certainly the housewife has more choice. Something like two-thirds of the programmes are broadcast at times when the ordinary man is out at work.

"I never bother with the radio at night," said a Chatham housewife. "All the programmes I like are repeated during the day, and I can listen to them then in peace—*Itma*, *Stand Easy*, the Sunday serial, *Music Hall* and the *Brains Trust*."

And, of course, in addition, there are during the daytime many popular programmes which do not get into peak evening periods — the Radio Doctor, *Wednesday Matinée*, *Woman's Hour*, *Children's Hour*.

Most women—six out of ten, I found—confine their listening to the variety programmes and background music. They listen with half an ear while they get on with the housework.

I took three short streets, one each in three very different towns, Preston, Lichfield and Gillingham, and knocked at every house in each street.

Of the seventy-two women who told me about their listening habits eleven said they hardly ever switched on during the daytime. Thirty-six used their sets for cheerful background entertainment, while twenty-five also heard the programmes which require deliberate listening. Of these, *Woman's Hour* was most widely heard, followed by the Radio Doctor and *Children's Hour*.

Those housewives who hear *Children's Hour* praise it highly. "We listen to it over tea. I think it has a wonderful influence on the children. And the talks about music are a treat."

"Snobbish, Condescending"

Woman's Hour has created a big audience of housewives (getting on towards four million a day) and a great deal of goodwill. But apparently it has not quite rung the bell as yet. "It's always a bit thin, a bit disappointing. . . ."

Several woman accused it of being too middle class. "As a Socialist I think it should deal more with the problems of working-class women. . . . It's too snobbish and condescending. . . . They're not interested in the likes of us. . . . The common touch. That's what it needs. It isn't really *homely*."

But there is no doubt that *Woman's Hour* fills a deep need: the need of housewives, shut up too much in a home, to feel that in a man-made society they have a programme entirely devoted to their own feminine world.

Serial stories, short stories and plays are even more popular with women than with men. Several housewives told me they arrange their shopping and housework so that they can listen to these.

The mid-morning story is also a habit former with some women. "I put the kettle on at ten to eleven and I've got a nice cup of tea ready just as the story starts. Then I put my feet up for fifteen minutes and really enjoy myself. But I do wish readers wouldn't speak in dialect so often; you sometimes can't tell what they say. . . ."

So Much to be Picked Up

Two programmes with smaller listening figures exercise a big influence. They are the Forces Educational Broadcasts at ten o'clock in the morning on the Light Programme, and the Broadcasts For the Schools scattered throughout the day on the Home Service.

A Croydon woman—I guessed her age to be about fifty—told me that until recently science had always been a mystery to her. "My husband used to kid me about my ignorance of things like that, but then I started to listen to these Forces talks about science, and now I find my husband isn't half so smart as I thought he was—we had an argument about electricity last week and I beat him all ends up!"

Several women said quite frankly that they used the Schools Broadcasts to patch up an education they felt to be inadequate. "I couldn't even spell properly when I left school, and as for punctuation, well. . . . But they make these English lessons so interesting."

And: "For people like me—I left school at fourteen—they're a godsend. It's surprising what you can learn while you're doing your household chores."

Confining figures to these three streets in Preston, Lichfield and Gillingham, eleven out of seventy-two housewives listened on average three times a week either to the Schools or Forces broadcasts, and were really interested in them.

And this is only half the story. I found that eight of these eleven housewives also listened to other daytime programmes—mainly repeat programmes—which are wholly or partly informative and educational, such as *Yesterday in Parliament*, the *American Letter* and *Commentary*.

I estimate that in all two and a half million housewives have long periods of listening to educational and informative programmes. I gave this figure to an ex-schoolteacher.

"Two and a half million?" she echoed, with a twinkle in her eye. "That's about one housewife out of every four—more than I should have thought. I'm a member of several committees, political, mostly, men and women. But I notice the women never seem to contribute much to the discussions. If we are better informed than we used to be, most of us are keeping mum about it."

I am sure that largely because of the daytime programmes housewives *are* better educated and informed than they used to be. Then why "keep mum"?

"Well," said one woman, "knowing you are right about something and being able to argue about it are two different things. When I have arguments with my husband he always wins, but he isn't always right. Particularly about politics—men arguing politics are ridiculously biased."

"You Men Are on the Way Out"

One last quote from Preston—a stout, humorous woman of about forty: "It strike me all you chaps want from the wireless is the sports news and *Itma* and all that stuff. It's same as I tell my husband, lad—you men are on the way out, you're behind the times. A chap on the wireless the other day said we women spend four-fifths of all the money in the country. You earn it, true, but we spend it, and what we say goes. And another chap said we've more votes than you men, that we decide elections, now."

Her huge body shook with pleasure. "Pretty soon we'll be running this country, eh? And happen the B.B.C., too! Never mind, lad, we'll keep you men for announcers—can't abide women nattering over the wireless. . . ."

In these articles, Frank Tilsley has been investigating "'What Radio Does to Us"—its impact on people's lives and listeners' likes and dislikes. He will sum up in his next article.

WITH MY FEET UP

Just a Playboy, Me

FRIENDS IN MY home town sometimes appear to think that because I live in London my life is one long round of riotous gaiety.

I live in a flat, too, which makes it worse. Things that get into the Sunday papers happen in flats.

By using my imagination a bit, I have reconstructed the day of a Typical Londoner as visualized by his friends in the provinces.

11 a.m. Typical Londoner wakes up in his luxurious West End flat. (His wife and children somehow seem to be on a permanent holiday.) He rings a bell and a black market breakfast of three eggs, six rashers and a treble whisky is brought in by a pretty maid-servant. During breakfast, the telephone rings continually with invitations to cocktail parties and all-night orgies.

11.45 a.m. Bath (with telephone and whisky bottle on sponge rack), followed by dressing in silk shirt, fifty-guinea drape-cut suit and twelve-guinea suède shoes, all obtained without coupons.

12.45 p.m. Typical Londoner takes cocktails in fashionable bar surrounded by old friends in the New Look. Lunch in famous restaurant. Menu for Typical Londoner, who has tipped the manager and the head waiter £5 each, consists of hors-d'oeuvres, turtle soup, lobster, pheasant, inch-thick steak, asparagus, strawberries with real cream, Stilton cheese, accompanied, of course, by various wines and ending with a double Napoleon brandy.

3 p.m.—5 p.m. Typical Londoner spends afternoon drinking hooch in shady club where there is a private showing of the cut sections from censored films.

5 p.m.—8 p.m. Typical Londoner visits cocktail party in flat of famous actress.

8 p.m.—10 p.m. Typical Londoner takes famous film star to dine. Meal is repeat of lunch except that the steak is two inches thick.

10 p.m.—12 p.m. Typical Londoner at night club with party of dozen famous stage and film personalities.

After midnight, things become confused. Typical Londoner spends time chiefly in night clubs drinking bottle after bottle of champagne and with a blonde on each knee. This goes on until 5 a.m. when he is finally put to bed in his flat.

Occasionally in this round Typical Londoner gets time to wish he lived in the provinces, where you can get practically anything you want if you know the right people to go to.

by Ian Fox

GIVE MOTHS THE BRUSH-OFF

Trouser turn-ups, pockets and seams are all haunts of the moth. Here's how to beat him

by Kay Smallshaw

THIS WEEK I'm doing my anti-moth routine, and turning out all the wardrobes.

I'm no glutton for turning out, but one can't afford to have clothes or household goods spoilt for want of a little care. One or two sharp lessons have taught me that any speck of dirt in woollen materials has a magnetic attraction for moths. A suit that looks fresh and clean will offer a beautiful home to the unwelcome visitors just because there are bits of fluff in the pockets, round the seams, on the underside of the collar, or in trouser turn-ups.

So choosing a nice fine day, preferably with some wind, I have everything out. There's no smell quite so fresh as that of soap-and-water and scrubbed wood, so I treat the insides of the wardrobe and chests of drawers to a good wash. Then while they are drying I go on the balcony with the suits and a clothes brush and go over all the vulnerable parts.

Hot Iron and Damp Cloth

If any clothes are really soiled, they have to go to the cleaners, of course. Usually a bottle of what the trade calls carbon tetrachloride cleaner, a pad of old towelling and a hot iron with a damp cloth are sufficient to supplement the clothes-brush drill. Leaving the garments out in the sun and wind for some hours to give them a good airing is an important part of the "treatment."

While this is going on, the inside of the wardrobe can be sprayed with D.D.T. anti-moth liquid. Alternatively, you can pin your trust solely on paradichlorbenzene crystals. Most chemists stock them and a pound goes quite a long way. Put about a dessertspoonful in a little bag, made from butter muslin or a length of old silk stocking, and hang it round the clothes hanger so that it comes in the middle of the suit or coat to be protected. With anything extra precious, put a little in the pockets as well.

Provided the clothes are clean to start with, this moth deterrent is really efficient. The only snag is that it tends to evaporate fairly quickly, so a fresh supply may be needed halfway through the summer.

Treat blankets, sweaters and other woollies similarly. It's probably worth sending heavy blankets to be cleaned or washed, unless you've got a garden and time to spare. But with the new soapless cleansers even big sweaters can be laundered at home with little effort. Make a good lather, leave immersed for at least ten minutes and knead and squeeze all over.

Rinsing twice in water of the same temperature as the lather should be enough.

Put through a wringer and either dry flat or on a clothes hanger. The latter is unconventional but works well on a windy day when there is no time for the garment to "drop." It's much quicker, too.

When dry, fold up carefully with little parcels of paradichlorbenzene inside. If you want to pack away for some months, it's best to wrap in brown paper or several layers of clean newspaper and to seal the joins carefully.

After coping with heavy clothes and winter woollens of all kinds, the hats get their turn. A good brushing and a rub over with the dry-cleaning fluid soon deals with my husband's modest collection.

If you use a vacuum cleaner regularly, you won't have to worry much about moth in carpets. All the same, it's worth doing both sides of any rugs that can easily be taken up, and spraying with an insecticide underneath any furniture where fluff is liable to get lodged.

If you haven't a vacuum cleaner, you must watch your rugs even more carefully and air them in the sun as often as possible.

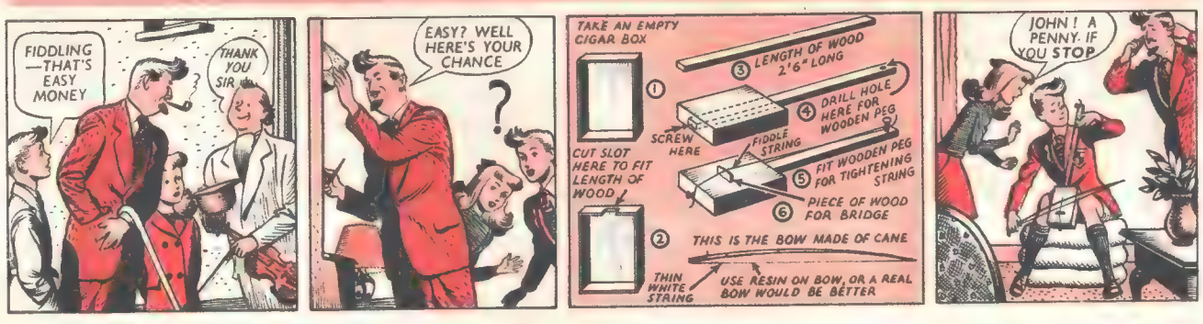
As for any pieces of carpet stored away, have them out in the air and go over them with minute care. If you spot any eggs, or, worse still, the little bald patches made when the eggs hatch, a hot iron on the wrong side is the best treatment. Before packing away again, wrap up with a liberal amount of the anti-moth crystals that I've mentioned, and be sure to seal carefully.

Though moths don't get at the silver, I always take anti-tarnish action at the same time as my anti-moth routine.

For this, I keep an old saucepan used for nothing else. I fill it with water, put on to boil, and, when boiling, add a small handful of washing soda (the correct formula is two ounces to half a gallon of water).

The forks and spoons go in, and stay at boiling temperature for a few minutes. The tarnish goes like magic, and, after washing in soapy water and drying, the cutlery is like new again.

UNCLE ANDY — *O.K. for Sound?*


FIDDLING—THAT'S EASY MONEY
THANK YOU SIR
EASY? WELL HERE'S YOUR CHANCE
?
TAKE AN EMPTY CIGAR BOX
1
2
3 LENGTH OF WOOD 2'6" LONG
4 DRILL HOLE HERE FOR WOODEN PEG
5 FIT WOODEN PEG FOR TIGHTENING STRING
6 PIECE OF WOOD FOR BRIDGE
SCREW HERE
FIDDLE STRING
CUT SLOT HERE TO FIT LENGTH OF WOOD
THIS IS THE BOW MADE OF CANE
THIN WHITE STRING
USE RESIN ON BOW, OR A REAL BOW WOULD BE BETTER
JOHN! A PENNY IF YOU STOP

Inspector Chafik Closes the Case

by CHARLES B. CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

To Inspector Chafik, facts were as threads in a carpet. And the fastidious little man didn't care for the design he saw

THE DESERT WAS AN OCEAN of gravel and grey dust which lapped the struggling outskirts of the city of Baghdad. Spewed from the sullen waves of dead earth were hovels built partly of baked mud and partly of flattened petrol cans, relics of the war years and the British garrison. A few goats, tethered at the doors, chewed listlessly at rinds of discarded melons, while pot-bellied children, dirt more than rags covering their nakedness, played in the brief shade of the railway embankment.

The sky was the open door of a furnace stoked with the Iraqi sun, and Inspector Chafik, stepping from his car and viewing the scene, said to the tall, gaunt man who followed him, "It is well we came at once. A body is always detestable, but in such heat it becomes an abomination."

Sergeant Abdullah said reprovingly, "Man's body is made by God."

"True," his superior replied, "but when the soul's breath has gone from it the remains are only of interest to us of the police." Chafik smiled as he spoke.

The little man with his well-shaped hands and feet and thin, wiry body, wore a white linen suit, well tailored by Western standards, and stepped daintily over the rubbish which littered the path, careful not to soil his shoes. He was aware he was watched by people who feared him because he was Chafik J. Chafik of the Criminal Investigation Department, but he felt no pride in their fear. If the poor were all criminals I would have half Baghdad on my records, he thought, and stopped at the gate of a courtyard where khaki-uniformed police were on guard.

As he entered, his shadow went before him over a square of swept, clean ground. He looked at the round cakes of water-buffalo dung plastered against the walls of the hut to dry for fuel, and said: "Him we have come to see was blessed with an industrious wife. Poverty has not broken her spirit."

Sergeant Abdullah said, "Was she not always poor?"

Inspector Chafik answered with sharp reproof, "You can see for yourself. Those born in dirt die in dirt. Here is cleanliness. Furthermore, our records at headquarters should be known to you." And as rapidly as if his files and index cards were spread before him he recited the dead man's history, "Galani, Yusif. Born, Baghdad. Secondary school education. Employment, clerical. Served as interpreter with British Forces until 1945, when illness forced resignation. Brother of Hassan Galani, an official of the Finance Ministry——" Chafik shrugged and added, "It is on a white card and his life was equally as spotless. Who would kill such a man?"

CHAFIK crossed the threshold. Although he glanced at the body stretched on a cot at the far side of the room he did not immediately go to it, but surveyed the floor, the walls and the clumsy thatch of date-palm fronds through which the sun slashed.

He looked at the few pieces of furniture, unusual in such a hovel, and ran his finger along the back of the solitary chair. "Clean," he said. "Painfully clean." Drawing aside a curtain of sacking which covered one corner of the single room, he examined a pile of straw which had a fresh, aromatic smell. A ragged but neatly folded blanket held his attention. "Clean," he said again.

"And tidy," said Sergeant Abdullah.

"As if visitors were expected. The straw which was a bed for children has been newly shaken." Inspector Chafik made a gesture of annoyance and added, "Our records are not in order. There was no mention of children on the man's card, but two take his name."

"Sir?" said Abdullah, astonished.

"There is a food bowl by the dead man's side," Chafik explained. "You will see on the shelf three other bowls. Therefore, there are four people living here, for a poor man does not spend *fils* on what he does not need. The bed of straw is not sufficient for adults. Therefore we have children, and small children. Every fact fits as a thread in the design of a carpet. Let us see what pattern is woven here."

He went to the cot and looked carefully for the first time at the body. Galani had been a big man, but he was so wasted by disease that he now looked frail and brittle as a mummy. He lay on his back on a clean, patched sheet, his shoulders cradled by pillows. His only garment was a shirt of Egyptian cotton, fine as lawn.

The comfortable appearance of the corpse was spoiled by a terrible bruise in the centre of the forehead made by a heavy, blunt object which had crushed the skull. Some blood had oozed from the wound, but the main haemorrhage was inward and death must have been instantaneous.

On the floor was a towel folded three times like a bandage. There was blood on it, and Chafik, having looked from the pattern to the dead man, said to the alert sergeant, "Fetch me the policeman who was first called."

"Did the visitor kill my father?" asked the boy. It was Chafik's turn

WHEN he was alone, Chafik completed a quick search of the hut and bent to examine a heavy stone which was hollowed to form a crude mortar. The pestle, also of stone, had a wooden handle bound with cloth. There was a small sack of grain, almost empty, near by, and as the policeman who had found the body came in the inspector said, "For grinding grain to make *khobis*."

He looked up with surprise when the policeman respectfully answered, "Yes, sir. It is so used."

"So I speak my thoughts aloud?" smiled Chafik. "It is indeed a bad habit. May I now hear your report?"

"Sir, I am of the suburban mounted patrol. As I rode along the railway embankment I heard shouting and came down. There were many people about this hut and I ordered them away. Inside was the dead man as you see him. He had been discovered by a woman who cares for him when his wife is away——"

"Why does she go away?"

"Sir, she washes clothes for the effendis of Baghdad——"

"Hardly a living," said Chafik. "Soap has the value of gold, and customers are few now the British have gone. The husband, of course, could not work?"

"I have been two years on this patrol," the officer answered. "He has always been too ill to leave his hut." The picture of tragic poverty was getting clearer, but it became less and less clear why Yusif Galani should have died violently.

Once again the inspector looked at the folded towel he had found on the floor, and holding it up he asked, "Where was this when you viewed the body?"

"I touched nothing, sir—but the woman who found him said there was a cloth over his face, which she lifted."

Chafik said in a worried voice, "If the towel had been wetted to cool his brow the thing would be understandable. But it was not wetted. This is grotesque." He gently placed the cloth on the crushed head of Yusif Galina and added, "It covered his eyes." Turning to Sergeant Abdullah he said in an explanatory voice: "Obviously the pestle used for grinding grain was the weapon. It was replaced in the mortar afterwards and is unstained because of the towel. You will find no fingerprints because the cloth

binding of the handle presents a broken surface. I am undecided whether this is an exceptionally clever crime, or one of extreme stupidity."

"In either case you will solve it——"

"If God wills. I have no powers myself." Inspector Chafik went to the door: "I leave you to receive the doctor, Abdullah. Check on the nature of Galani's illness and ask about the drugs you will find by the bedside. It is possible that some drug made him sleep and that he was killed when sleeping. The autopsy will give us the facts on those points."

He left, saying in a clear voice, "A comfortable corpse. A very fine shirt. Such cleanliness." Sergeant Abdullah watched him go, with affectionate amusement because he knew Inspector Chafik was unaware he was speaking thoughts.

OUTSIDE the hut, in the shade of the courtyard wall, a number of women were crouching, their black veils drawn to hide their faces. They wailed incessantly. Chafik stopped and said, "Is the woman of Yusif Galani here?"

One who sat silently apart from the noisy wake, nursing a small child, answered, "I am the wife."

The inspector said to the others, "It would be better to think of the living. Go back to your cooking pots." The women fled, their black garments fluttering in the hot wind like the ragged wings of crows.

The little man lit a cigarette. He could see only the eyes and part of the forehead of Galani's wife, for the folds of her outer robe were modestly drawn. He noted the cleanliness of the child and was pleased with the mother's dignity.

He moved awkwardly because he did not wish to intrude on grief, but questions had to be asked and he was glad when the woman opened the conversation by saying, "My man is dead. He was a good man. Why does God strike a good man with sickness and leave him helpless? Is there a God?"

Chafik said, shocked, "There is a God, or you and I would not be here. What name have you?"

"Zenobia——"

"I see only one child. There should be two."

"The other has gone for water," the Widow Zenobia said, and then, lifting her head and with pride in her eyes, added, "He comes now. Truly as good a boy as his father was a good man." She was silent as a boy came up the path carrying a gourd of water, which he presently handed to her. He was a tall, thin lad, with the restless, searching look of one who, even at his age, lived by his wits. "Ahmed has ten years," the woman said. "He is a man."

Chafik said, "Then I will talk to him as a man," and turning to the son of Yusif Galani he asked, "Who killed your father?"

Ahmed answered, "I do not know, but when I find him I will take his life."

His mother clutched his hand, moaning, "Such words should not be in your mouth." To Chafik she said pleadingly, "He knows nothing, because he went early to the bazaars to earn money by carrying parcels."

"I made twenty *fils*," the boy said proudly.

"Good!" Chafik suddenly smiled. Turning to the woman he asked, "Who killed your husband?"

"I know not. I went to the city with wash for a customer, taking my other child with me. There was some trouble and I was late back."

"And the name of the customer?" Chafik prompted.

The woman gave the name of an English resident of Baghdad, and when the inspector asked, "What was the trouble?" she answered, hestitatingly, "A garment was missing." Hurriedly she added, "And afterwards I sat by the river. My man wished to be alone."

"And the reason?"

"He said he expected a visitor——"

Inspector Chafik hid his surprise. His eyes were suddenly alive. "A visitor? A man?" he asked. "What man?" But he foresaw the answer.

"A wife does not question her husband," the woman said, and repeated wearily, "He expected a man."

"Had he friends?" Chafik said. "What of his brother?"

There was a flash of fire in the reply, "Hassan Galani left him to die. He would not give one *fil* to help him."

"May God destroy my uncle," said the boy, Ahmed, in a flat, dead voice. "When I went to him and begged for help for *Baba*, he beat me. He is cruel. He——" Ahmed was silent, digging nervously at the grey dust with his bare toes. Then he asked, "Did the visitor kill my father?"

Chafik parried with a question, "Did your father tell you of the visitor?" and when the boy shook his head the inspector beckoned one of the uniformed officers from the door and told him to inquire if a strange man had been seen. He realized the chances were slight because the hut was at the outskirts of the slum and hidden by the curve of the railway embankment. "Go with the policeman," he commanded Ahmed. "Perhaps you can help him." When the boy had gone, he said to Yusif Galani's wife, "He is very bright."

"There was never a better son. If his uncle would help so that he could have learning——"

Chafik said, "The law will make him help. You are now a destitute widow with children. Hassan Galani, as next of kin, must help. Such is the law."

THE woman answered slowly, "I have heard of that law. My man spoke of it and said he wished he could die so that such a claim could be made on his brother. Now death has come to him."

The inspector cleared his throat loudly and said in a harsh, rasping voice to hide his emotion, "So he wished to die? Well, it was a pity he had to leave us with so much mystery." He took a thin billfold from his pocket and found three dinars, which he dropped by the woman's side. "Go with God, Widow Zenobia. I will speak to Hassan Galani about his duties." Abruptly Chafik turned away and walked to his car.

He was stopped by the policeman he had asked to inquire about the dead man's visitor. As he expected, there was no witness, and he said, "The English have a proverb about a needle and a bundle of hay. To find a man in a desert is equally as difficult." Chafik looked back at the miserable hovels crouching breathlessly under the merciless sun and was closing the door of his car when the boy, Ahmed, who had been standing behind the policeman, darted forward. "Effendi——" the boy began, and stopped with his thin, brown hands clasped and the interlaced fingers working nervously.

"What is it, Ahmed born of Yusif?" Chafik said to him.

"The visitor killed my father?" Ahmed asked.

"The unknown man," Chafik said gently, "is a dark thread drawn through an unfinished pattern. Until the weave is complete I cannot answer."

"There was a man near the hut when I left this morning——"

The inspector caught the boy by his thin shoulders. "What? Why did you not tell me?"

"I did not wish to speak in front of my mother——"

"Good! It is right that as a man you should not talk of these matters before women. Who was the one you saw?"

The boy said breathlessly, "My uncle!" and shaking himself free, he fled into the grey, burning wilderness behind the huts, leaving Inspector Chafik motionless by the car.

Chafik drove back to his headquarters on Al-Rashid Street. The little man went up the narrow stairs. At the top was a door boldly lettered, H. J. ELLSWORTH, and the inspector passed it on tiptoe because he had no desire to report to his superior, the burly, liverish Englishman appointed by the Iraqi Government to head the Criminal Investigation Department.

WHEN he was safely in his office, Chafik telephoned the home of Hassan Galani. A woman's voice answered, "My husband is at the Ministry," and Chafik said, "You are sure, Madame?" He grimaced at the instrument as the voice replied, shrill with complaint, "At least he telephoned to say he was there, but a wife does not ask questions when a husband stays away from home. Are we not chattels?"

Chafik said, "Madame, Madame, I am only an acquaintance of Mr. Galani," and hung up quickly, thinking it was a pity the growing emancipation of women in Iraq had the Western weakness of emancipated tongues.

"There is danger in this," he declared, as he lifted the receiver again to dial the Ministry of Finance.

Hassan Galani was not in his office and the inspector left a message for him to come to headquarters. Then he opened a new packet of Ghazi cigarettes and sat at his desk staring at nothing and as usual thinking aloud the rambling words ending "... It is almost woven. I do not like the design." And hearing the echo of his own voice he smiled a little foolishly and was glad when Sergeant Abdullah came into the room.

Marshalling details like a parade of soldiers, the sergeant made his report of the police surgeon's examination. "The man was dying of cancer. He would perhaps have lived another six months. The drugs at the bedside were to relieve pain. He had taken a sleeping draught before he was killed and there were traces in the bowl of sour milk at his side. It is correct he was killed with the pestle of the mortar. Two blows were struck, but the first was sufficient. He knew nothing——"

"And saw nothing," said Chafik. "The cloth spread over his face is a puzzling detail."

He was silent with his thoughts but roused himself when an orderly entered and said, "Hassan Galani is here, sir."

The inspector rose to receive the visitor, saying to Abdullah, "This will be private, but look at the man as you go out. There is the shadow of a noose around his neck."

Hassan Galani was a middle-aged man whose dignity matched the weight of his swollen paunch. His position in the Finance Ministry was important, and he said harshly as he entered Chafik's office, "What is the meaning of leaving a message for *me* to come to *you*? I am disagreeably surprised, Inspector Chafik."

The little man answered, bowing his sleek head and smiling ingratiatingly, "I do apologize, but the matter was of importance and I feared you had left Baghdad because you were not home last night." He did not miss the quick flush which darkened the visitor's sallow, unhealthy face, nor the anxious expression.

"Were you away from Baghdad?"

HASSAN GALANI removed his *sidarah*, the black, peakless hat of the Moslem Iraqi, and mopping his almost bald head, he said, "I spent the night at my garden. Yes, at my garden up the Tigris. It was such a hot night. I have a small pavilion there and often sleep——" Abruptly he recovered his dignity and with it anger. "This is an outrage, Inspector! Why should you ask where I spent the night?"

Chafik, spreading his hands with the curved palms upwards, said, "I talked innuendos to find courage to break sad news. Your brother is dead."

"The only brother I had disgraced me with his poverty. As far as I am concerned he died long ago——"

"Poverty is not a crime, Mr. Galani."

"A man in my position must think of his reputation—but I do not care to discuss family matters with you." Hassan Galani rose with the intention of leaving, but turned to ask, "How did Yusif die?"

"He was murdered," answered Chafik casually, and then in his most silky voice, "A witness has stated you were near the hut when your brother died early this morning."

"What an abominable lie!" shouted the man. "I was——" He stopped with a look of horror.

"You were at your pavilion on the river?" Chafik prompted. "Please do not trouble yourself over this foolish witness. It will, of course, be necessary to check with the servants of your *bayt*." He watched his visitor fumble blindly for the chair. "You see," Inspector Chafik went on, "*if* you could not prove your alibi—excuse the word, Mr. Galani—it would be very awkward. This witness hates you. He would swear before God that you were there, and it might almost appear you had a motive to kill your brother, because, as you told me, his poverty disgraced you."

Hassan Galani said with a pitiful attempt at dignity, "I forbid you to question the servants at the pavilion."

"Perhaps," Inspector Chafik said, "you were not there?" And leaping to his feet with a tiger's spring he shouted, "Where were you?"

"I——"

"Circumstantial evidence can hang a man. Where were you last night? Where were you this morning? Why were you so late at your office? Why have you not been home?"

"I——" and, his face glistening with sweat, the man whispered, "I was with a woman."

"Yes," Chafik said. "You were with

Continued on page 21

Island Story

PRESENTING HIMSELF for medical examination before military service, a young man gave the name of "Morrison."

"What is your Christian name?" asked the doctor. "Herbert," was the reply. "That's a very well-known name you've got," said the doctor, smiling.

"So it ought to be," was the response. "I've been delivering milk around here for three years."—*A. B. Bland, 127 Mere Road, Leicester.*

★

THE LONG-DISTANCE TRAIN was dead on time for once. Said a porter to the guard: "Nicely on time today." Replied the guard, inclining his head in the direction of the engine: "Yes, that driver is a mad beggar."—*R. O. Librowicz, 212 Bridford Road, Shipley, Yorks.*

★

CONVERSATION BETWEEN two girls and two Polish soldiers heard in a Scottish street:

"If youse yins'll teach us yins tae speak Polish, us yins'll teach you yins tae speak English."—*William Flanagan, 88 High Mains Avenue, Dumbarton, Scotland.*

Readers' personal experiences reflecting the times we live in win one guinea on publication. Mark entries "Island Story." Postcards only, please

Creda

THE BEST AT EVERY POINT

ELECTRIC

Cookers, water heaters,
wash boilers, fires, irons, kettles,
tubular heaters, hand dryers, industrial cooking equipment

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC CO LTD OLDBURY BIRMINGHAM AND BRANCHES

Supplies for the home market are very limited, but we are doing our best to ensure fair distribution

A COMPANY

All eyes on the girl with the *magnesia smile*! Such sparkling white teeth. Such healthy pink gums. Such sweet breath. Only Phillip's Dental Magnesia can give you that magnesia smile because only this toothpaste contains "Milk of Magnesia" which many dentists advise for neutralizing harmful mouth acids.

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia*

What's new about HALEX?

It's kinder;
it's better;
it's **RONDATED!**

See how the little nylon points are smoothly trimmed, to probe but not to prick, to search but not to scratch! Hard to believe that such straight, stiff strands could *feel* so kind and gentle on the job.

GENTLER FOR GUMS
BETTER FOR TEETH

RONDATED is a registered trade name of Halex Ltd

Great argument

About this Murphy cabinet design: some go into raptures. Others call it rude names. We will only say that it is beautifully made in mahogany and birch and we believe you will find pleasure and beauty in it long after you're sick of more commonplace designs. One thing everybody agrees—that the A122C has unusually fine reproduction!

A122C A.C. Mains only. Price £39.14.5. Including purchase tax.

murphy

SEE YOUR DEALER

MURPHY RADIO LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS

CRC238

YOURS FOR £5 WITH ORDER

BALANCE IN 12 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF 39/3

YOU can have this lovely, luxuriously comfortable Easy Chair delivered to your home for only £5 with order. It's the magnificent *Berkeley* Superlax—the Easy Chair with the automatic self-adjusting back and extending seat. You simply relax into its deep, floating luxury and then—whatever position you take up—the whole chair adjusts itself for your comfort! *Send the coupon today for colourful FREE Catalogue and Patterns of Coverings.*

NO UNITS! Money back if not satisfied within 7 days.

Fully Patented

THE Berkeley SUPERLAX

Cash Price £25 : 19 : 6

Complete 3-Piece Suite also available

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD., Sole Manufacturers (Dept. J.B.), 70-78 OLD KENT RD., LONDON, S.E.1. and at 135 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1; 83-85 London Rd., Croydon; The Parade, Watford.

COUPON *Please send me your Catalogue of Berkeley Upholstery together with range of Coverings.*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

JB 5/6 .....

Meet Biro Minor

4 COLOURS RED, GREEN, ROYAL BLUE, BLUE-BLACK

Biro Minor is an adaptation of the famous Biro and is especially designed for desk, shop, club, classroom and work-bench use. It should not be carried in the pocket or handbag unprotected.
Biro Minor gives the same smooth ball point writing and carbon copy service as Biro.
Biro Minor is coloured to indicate the ink within. You can buy Biro Minors singly or in a set of four assorted colours — or a set plus a "Handy" Stand designed to hold them.

(All prices inc. tax.)

Price per Minor 5/6d.
Set of Four 22/-
Biro Minor "Handy" Stand 2/9d.

A MILES-MARTIN PEN COMPANY PRODUCT

. . . . WITH ENJOYMENT WRITTEN ALL OVER HIS FACE

FRUIT DROPS AT THEIR BEST

Mum knows:

LIFEBUOY is more than a GOOD soap

—it's a good habit!

L467-943

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

A long-time friend
Trust him to call you promptly and to serve you well because he is a member of the proud WESTCLOX family of clocks and watches . . .
WESTCLOX
Handsome outside
Sturdy inside

SECTIONAL STEEL GREENHOUSES

Strongly constructed of angle iron and tee iron sections. Base sheeted in steel. Compact and easily assembled. **Prices:** 8 ft. × 5 ft. 6 in. £22 11s. 0d. with glass. Carriage and glass insurance £1 12s. extra. Larger sizes available.

SECTIONAL STEEL GARAGES

Construction of heavy gauge welded flat steel. Attractive, easy to erect and neat in design. **Prices:** 16 ft. × 8 ft. £53 15s. 3d., 20 ft. × 8 ft. £60 7s. 3d. Carriage extra £1 12s.

Write for further particulars to:

LOCKWOOD INDUSTRIES (BILSTON) LTD. BILSTON, STAFFS

Aching head?.. fit to split?..

Alka Seltzer

Alka-Seltzer...fighting fit!

Head throbbing? Feeling all-in? An Alka-Seltzer tablet in a glass of water will soon set you right. First, Alka-Seltzer's double-action soothes pain — extra fast. Then it neutralises excess acid, often the root of your distress. Try it! Millions sold yearly.

We fall asleep more quickly in Spring

IN THE SPRING, we fall asleep at night more quickly than we do in the winter, summer or autumn. This strange fact was proved in a test made on twelve people over a period of nearly five years. It was found, too, that in spring-time we move about less in our sleep, but dream more.

Another interesting fact is that the *depth* of sleep is far more important than the length. For, unless we get the right kind of sleep, we wake up tired. That is why Horlicks is so good a drink at bedtime. Not only is Horlicks wonderfully soothing and comforting, but it promotes the deep sleep we all need for boundless energy next day.

HORLICKS

Your teeth get *whiter* your mouth stays *fresher* with COLGATE'S

1/3½ *Inc. Tax*

INSPECTOR CHAFIK CLOSES THE CASE:

Continued from page 18

a woman. I thought the perfume which still clings to you did not come from the flowers of your river garden. Oh, Mr. Galani! Mr. Galani! Your dignity almost brought you to the scaffold!" He opened a drawer of the cabinet behind him and extracted a card. "My index cards are very complete. There is much on this one to interest the Minister of Finance. You appear to have expensive tastes, dangerous in a man who helps handle the nation's exchequer. There are the names of many women on this card. What name shall I now add?"

Whispering, Hassan Galani said, "Khurrem——"

"Khurrem," the inspector repeated thoughtfully. "Turkish. 'Joyous,' a notorious dancing girl at a certain cabaret in Baghdad." He wrote on the card and then said curtly to the man who was huddled on the other side of the desk, "You may go now. But remember that your brother's widow and his children are destitute, and by the law of Iraq you must support them. Be generous, Mr. Hassan Galani, particularly with the boy, Ahmed. And do not forget my records."

WHEN the man had gone stumbling out, Sergeant Abdullah came from the other room where he had been taking down the conversation. He said with disappointment: "You have removed the shadow of the noose from Hassan Galani's neck, sir."

Chafik answered, "I have taken away that shadow, but he still lives under the shadow of my index cards."

"Both are uncomfortable, sir." Abdullah hesitated, troubled by the dead look in the eyes of his superior. He asked, in the hope of rousing Chafik from his thoughts, "Who was the witness who lied?"

"The nephew. The boy, Ahmed. His uncle planted hatred in his heart and it came back with interest. When he heard his mother say Yusif Galani expected a visitor, he saw his chance." Inspector Chafik groped on his desk for the folder containing the reports of the case. He said, "There is medical evidence that the man took a sleeping draught. Does one do that if one expects a visitor?"

"By God, no!"

"Abdullah, it is not for you to support an opinion with the name of God—but the woman, Zenobia, she also lied, like her son lied. Obviously if she gave her man a drug to make him sleep he did not expect a visitor. Please to consider the facts. They are all there to read."

When Abdullah continued to look at him, his swarthy face paling, the inspector went on, "What did we see in the hut? What was our strongest impression?"

"Exceptional cleanliness and tidiness, as if a visitor were expected."

"Or visitors with curiosity, such as ourselves. The Widow Zenobia has great pride. We will now check on her pride." And reaching for the telephone he rang the number of the English resident for whom the Widow Zenobia did washing.

Sergeant Abdullah heard him say in his precise English, "Mr. Williamson? This is Inspector Chafik of the C.I.D. I understand you give your laundry to a poor woman and have a complaint about a missing garment." He chuckled into the mouthpiece and said, "Oh yes, even lost laundry concerns us! Surprising things come out in the wash. . . . Thank you, Mr. Williamson. Thank you." And putting back the instrument, he said to Abdullah, "It was a shirt. A shirt of fine Egyptian cotton."

"The corpse——" began Sergeant Abdullah.

"The corpse wore such a shirt,"

Continued on next page

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

THOUGHTS ABOUT MY NEXT VOTE

Candidates should be injected with a truth drug before every speech

I SEE THAT THE political prophets are already speculating on the prospects for the next general election. My own view is that it's going to be one of the most exciting elections we've ever had, with, in many places, a narrow margin between the Labour and the Conservative candidates.

There's one good thing about this. It's a state of affairs in which every man and woman will be able to see the importance of his or her own vote—when one vote more, or less, may make all the difference between victory and defeat. So there shouldn't be any apathy, whatever the result.

Up to now, I haven't noticed any big change in people's views. Although I come across plenty of criticism of the Government among the people I meet, I haven't yet met anyone who voted Labour last time who says he's going to vote Conservative next.

The only person I know who has definitely decided to make a change is a woman neighbour of mine. She used to vote for the Conservatives. But she's been so impressed by the attention given by our present (and first) Labour member to the needs and difficulties of his constituents that she's decided to vote for him next time, on personal grounds.

Which seems to me as good a reason for voting as any. The more I see of politics and politicians the more important I feel it is to take the *man* into account, as well as the party label.

Though, of course, that isn't much help when you've only got a choice between a shyster and a dud—or two duds.

So Many Seem Duds

When you consider there are only 640 seats to be filled, and thirty million possible candidates to choose from, it's astonishing what a lot of apparent duds are still put forward by the various parties for election.

I've often wondered whether party leaders deliberately choose a certain proportion of duds—on the grounds that (provided electors can be persuaded to vote solely on the party ticket) it's easier to conduct parliamentary business with the blind backing of a group of loyal duds than with the rather carping support of more intelligent and therefore more "difficult" men.

Whatever the reason, it's disheartening for the voter. Too often an election offers us only the choice of voting for a man we like very little for the sake of keeping out a man we like even less. Which is the most negative kind of democracy.

A friend of mine who believes in the ideals of the Labour Party, but is disappointed with the present performance of his own Labour member, says he's come to the conclusion that the only honest thing for him to do next time is not to vote at all.

I think that's nonsense. To abstain from voting achieves nothing. It's simply a vote given to the other side. And if you really got down to details, I don't suppose you'd find any thinking man or woman who was completely satisfied with everything in his or her own party.

The Human Element

It's one thing to have faith in an ideal and quite another to have faith in every human being who claims to be working for that ideal.

You can lose all faith in a priest without losing your faith in his religion. You can lose all faith in a scientist without losing your faith in his scientific method. And the same thing, it seems to me, applies to politics and politicians.

On the one hand, there's our ideal. On the other, here are the poor muddling human instruments who hope (or who tell us they hope) to achieve our ideal.

If you can't conscientiously vote for the man himself, you can at least vote for the ideas he so poorly represents. Then, once he's in it's up to you, and the others who voted for him, to keep giving him hell every time he fails, until he either pulls up his socks or makes way for a better man.

The curse of our present methods of election is that the politicians of all parties feel compelled to make promises which they must know are impossible under present world conditions. The motto of the party propaganda machines seems to be: "The wilder the promise, the bigger the vote."

It doesn't matter how careful the individual candidate tries to be; his party machine will nearly always boost him silly.

From the machine's point of view, the candidate seems to be the one person in the election whose personal feelings don't count.

In most cases, I suppose, the candidate is willing to swallow a lot, provided he wins the election. After all, he tells himself, he mustn't let the party down; and there'll be plenty of time to start thinking about personal integrity again when the election's won. Besides, few men can resist that god-like sensation of "swaying the crowd"; which might be more exactly described as allowing the crowd-desire to sway them.

If only we could discover an absolutely reliable "truth-drug," I'd want to see a law passed compelling all candidates to take a dose of it before every speech—or, better still, just before they got up to answer questions.

"Will the candidate kindly tell us why *he* is standing for Parliament?"

"Well — er — to tell you the truth. . . ." Then we might really hear something!

By the time he'd finished, we might even know exactly what we were voting for.

But, lacking the truth-drug, *and* enough politicians with the guts to take it, we'll have to do the best we can with what we've got. And, for my part, when I look at present conditions in other countries, I still think our present Government, with the help of the common sense of the people of this country, has done extraordinarily well.

I Was Not Impressed

Oddly enough, while I was writing that last paragraph, a kind lady popped a pamphlet into my letter box, urging me to join the Conservative Party. There's a picture of five smiling faces on it, and the caption: "We've joined the Conservatives. What about you?"

Well, I'm willing to join any group, if only they can persuade me. But if the Conservatives can't do better than this pamphlet, they won't even be worth arguing with.

All they're offering me here is a heavily watered down version of the Labour policy. And if the Conservatives are going to ask me to turn half-Socialist, I might as well stay where I am among the whole-Socialists, and wait for the authors of this pamphlet to catch up with me.

AWAY FROM IT ALL

FOR 80 years this old shepherd has tended his flocks. A lonely life his, up there on the Wiltshire downs? But perhaps he has been nearer than most people to the things which really matter.

Here is that thought, expressed in *Bullets* form by reader C. Lawdham, 22 Twyford Court, London, N.: AWAY FROM IT ALL—SHEPHERD—NEAREST TO "EVERYTHING." It won him a First Prize cheque, with part of which he will soon be enjoying a holiday "away from it all" in the lovely Isle of Wight.

His *Bullets* road to the seaside is open to you. If you want £250 or one of this week's other 49 holiday cheques, see that you post your coupon below by Monday, June 14.

"Bullets" Winners No. 1,629

FIRST PRIZE, £250 plus DERBY TRIP: F. L. Burdett, 1 Westover Road, Birmingham, 20:
CITIZEN OF TOMORROW HONOUR WITH *Four* "FREEDOMS"!

SECOND PRIZE, £25: J. H. Norvill, West Felton, Oswestry: BEST FORGOTTEN — PROSPERITY AROUND *Tattenham* CORNER!

THIRD PRIZE, £10: W. Cousins, 43 Stanley Road, Gelli, Ton-Pentre, Rhondda: PUSHING THE PRAM — OVERCROWDED WITH "NURSEMAIDS," MINERS!

OTHER AWARDS: £9: A. Atkinson, 3 Corney Place, Penrith: HUNGRY —FOR "WORK-HUNGRY," WORKS. £8: H. Griffiths, 180 Parrin Lane, Winton, Manchester: WHISKED AWAY—MAGIC CARPET—SHEET PULLED! £7: A. H. Mander, 51 Clarendon Street, Leamington Spa: CASE OF SUSPICION—POLICE DROPPED — VILLAGERS DIDN'T! £6: Mrs. H. G. Spence, Mountboy, Montrose: DOG NEXT DOOR—MAKES *Three* "SNIFFING AROUND"!

FIVE of £5: T. Chapman, 61 Ginladys Street, Caeracca, Dowlais, Glam: FOOL OF A FOREMAN—"*I'll* DO THE THINKING!" A. Dick, c/o Pipemakers Arms, Rye: NEEDS A NEW FLAG—"SKYLARK"—SUGGEST "JOLLY ROGER"! Mrs. H. G. Haymes, 39 Inverness Road, Northfield, Birmingham, 31: DOG NEXT DOOR—WIDENING "BREACH" TOM-CAT MADE! L. Mills, 123 Brighton Road, Balsall Heath, Birmingham: PUSHING THE PRAM — GRANDPA, EXCHANGING TOOTHLESS GRINS! J. H. Russell, 64 Pargeter Road, Smethwick, 41: DOG NEXT DOOR—REPLACING RAKE THEY BORROWED!

50 Season Tickets and 1,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

50 Holiday Cheques

amongst Prizes value over

£500

£250 1st PRIZE
£25, £15, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5.

20 Weekend Prizes of 30s.
20 Coach Trip Prizes of 21s.
1,000 "Good Shot" Prizes.

USEFUL GARDEN CHAIRS

—one with each prize value £5 or over this week.

FOUNTAIN-PEN BONUSES

Any 30s. or 21s. prize you win will be accompanied by a Fountain-pen if the successful entry was one of eight or more efforts entered by you; keep note of entries in case of need.

BULLETS & XWORDS RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated July 3, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

CHEQUES AND HOLIDAYS WON—XWORD 581

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Cheat. 2, Bark. 3, Walls. 6, Tell. 7, Fame. 8, Nip. 10, Feet. 12, Grocer. 13, Fag. DOWN: 1, Cotter. 2, Blob. 4, Placer. 5, Ample. 9, Rock. 11, Cog.

THREE £100 SHARERS: W. L. Dann, 72 Queen's Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 2; S. Lane, 19 Kirkstone Avenue, Sunderland; R. Pinfield, 19 Regis Road, Tettenhall, Staffs. Winners also receive Week's Seaside Holiday for Two.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 52 entrants.

★ Of this week's 15 chief Crossword and *Bullets* winners, 11 were readers of *Bulletin* and *Gazette*; use Address Label adjoining *Bullets* coupon to secure your issue dated June 26, containing Swiss and Seaside Holiday Offers.

XWORD £100 and SEASIDE WEEKS

Prizes value up to

£100 1st Prize and Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up

£225

★ **SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO with each cheque for £25 or over**

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to send extra sets of Answers on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

XWORD 585

Across Clues

1. People are inclined to forget that many flowers grow quite well on
5. Landlubber may well be mistaken in thinking a particular boat is this
7. What many varsity students fail to study
8. Damning evidence is often provided in
10. Chancellor may now take balance in
14. Person with a fiery temper will find it even more difficult to keep
15. One kind of bill is likely to be described as

Down Clues

2. It will take a lot of spade-work to lighten this
3. You sometimes get one on a famous building
4. Is likely to walk into trap
6. May well cause football team to feel too much confidence for a time
9. Gives us pitch
11. You may perhaps discover jack when playing this
12. Obstinacy is sometimes characteristic of this
13. Hiker over wilds who's forgotten to take grub with him will later feel like

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Wonderful World	Factory Siren
Free From Fear	He's A Wide Boy, So
Prosperity's Pie	On The Sick List
We Applaud	Mother's Day
Bevan's Baby	A Bit Shabby
Back On The Road	Pawn In The Game
Bradman And Co.	**Incomplete "Examples" —see Instructions**
Without A Radio	In The Right.....
Time And Money	Holiday .....
Few People	Oceans Of.....
The Missing Link	The ..... Angle
White Elephant	Fairly .....
Magnified	Goodbye To .....And
Getting Married	

GET YOUR GUIDE

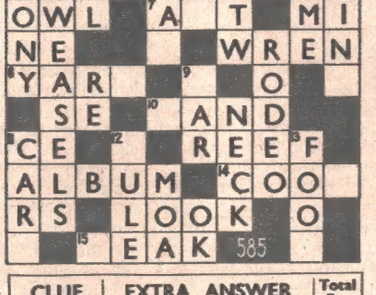
To secure the *Bullets* and Crosswords help in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated June 26, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,633 (or Xword 585) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee.

WIN A CHEQUE AND SEASIDE HOLIDAY



In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated June 26.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

585 Closing Postmark, MON., JUNE 14

I enclose P.O. value....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated June 26 containing **GRAND SWISS HOLIDAY OFFER**

446

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

Extra efforts may be entered on plain paper—see Bonus Offer.

Closing Postmark, **1,633** MON., JUNE 14

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

INSPECTOR CHAFIK CLOSES THE CASE:

Continued from previous page

Chafik said. He drummed the desk for a moment and then went on, "Why does a very honest woman steal to dress her man in such a beautiful shirt? Have we not here pride, decency? Is it not the custom to bury the dead in the finest garments?" The sergeant did not reply, but his hands moved in a protesting gesture toward his ears. Inspector Chafik continued, whispering now. "And so we come to the cloth spread over the face of a man who was drugged by a draught introduced into his morning milk. Hiding his eyes. To hide his eyes."

Sergeant Abdullah said, "All-merciful God! How could one look upon the face of one who was loved, and still strike the fatal blow? Sir——"

Inspector Chafik rose to his feet. He said harshly, "You will please be silent. I do not know what you mean. Yusif Galani would in any case have died, and in agony. Furthermore, if he had lived, perhaps his sons would not have lived. Those who live in poverty must deny their children food when the man is sick. The Widow Zenobia can now make a legal claim for the support of the children and herself. A wise law obliges Hassan, as next of kin, to do his duty. That is sufficient, Sergeant Abdullah!"

He went to the window and looked down at busy Al-Rashid Street. When he turned he was smiling faintly. "Don't you think," he said, "that some passing nomad entered the hut and struck the unfortunate man because he moved and was possibly going to cry out?"

Standing at attention, worship in his look, the sergeant answered, "That would appear to be the solution."

Inspector Chafik said, "Yes, it would appear to be the solution, and such a man, without motive, would be hard to find." He picked up the folder and went to the door, saying over his shoulder, "Obviously we close such a case. I will make my recommendation to our good Chief Inspector Ellsworth. No doubt he will tell me I am a very stupid man."

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

What Price Alimony?

A WOMAN whose husband wants her to divorce him on grounds of desertion asks several questions about alimony. She writes:

"My husband has been allowing me £4 a week for maintenance of myself and our two children. He recently reduced this to £2 10s. because I refused to divorce him.

"If I agreed to a divorce, what allowance could I expect from him? Would there be any guarantee that payment would be kept up, and would the amount be reduced if his own expenses were to increase?"

The court could allow you one-third of your joint incomes. If you have no income then it would be one-third of your husband's. Maintenance could also be claimed for the children.

There is no guarantee that payments would be maintained, but the court could send the debtor to prison or take his assets if he refused to pay as ordered.

If your husband's income diminished after the issue of the court order, he could apply to the Registrar to have the amount reduced. His subsequent remarriage would not affect his position.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

Holiday tours to the TYROL

★ *THIS SUMMER!* You can book now for a lovely tour in the Austrian Tyrol with its picturesque villages and its glorious mountain scenery. Good hotels and excellent food. 15 DAYS FOR 24 to 29 guineas. LONDON BACK TO LONDON. Inclusive charge, covering travel, hotel accommodation and meals.

Post coupon today for free copy of illustrated brochure.

AUSTRIA TRAVEL AGENCY, 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1

M.....

.....

(Please print name and address in CAPS) (A.T.36)

See France the Poly way

10-DAY HOLIDAYS TO BRITTANY FROM £17.3.6

Poly are delighted to welcome holiday-makers back to France. At Dinard where we have our own resident host, and at St. Briac you can now sample again the hospitality for which France is famous. You can do it in style, too! Poly prices leave you plenty of francs for pocket money.

THE FRIENDLY POLY SERVICE

Wherever you go, a Poly holiday is always a *real* holiday. Long before you start, the great Poly service, moving quietly behind the scenes, has worked out all the details of your trip. Seats, baggage, currency, accommodation — Poly has seen to everything. Nothing interferes with your enjoyment of every precious day of your Poly holiday.

10 DAYS DINARD FROM £17.3.6
10 DAYS ST. BRIAC FROM £17.13.0

Poly Tours

309Y REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1
TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 8100

A postcard saying 'French Programme please' will bring full details of these and other holidays by return.

For the Quick & Effective Relief of Pain take Alasil TABLETS

★ JUST PLACE AN ALASIL ON THE TONGUE AND NOTE HOW IT BREAKS UP AT ONCE

ANYWHERE—anytime—you can obtain swift relief from pain, by taking one or two 'Alasil' tablets. They dissolve instantly on the tongue—or, if preferred, in a little water—and therefore begin to act within a few moments of being taken.

In 'Alasil' tablets, the 'Ovaltine' Research Laboratories have introduced a new double-action principle. 'Alasil' tablets combine the highest quality aspirin with 'Alocol'—an efficient antacid and stomach sedative. The result of this scientific combination is to make 'Alasil' tablets outstandingly effective and generally acceptable, even to those with sensitive digestions, without the tendency to upset the stomach.

For these reasons, thousands of enthusiastic users have now definitely switched to 'Alasil' for such conditions as HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATIC PAIN, SLEEPLESSNESS, LUMBAGO or PERIODIC PAINS.

In Bottles, 1/7 and 3/1½, including Purchase Tax.

A Product of the 'Ovaltine' Research Laboratories

AS.99

"My teeth really ARE whiter—it's the Irium in Pepsodent!"

WHY? Your teeth have a lovely natural surface—shining and polished! But their whiteness is often hidden by dingy film.

This film also shelters acid-forming microbes which lodge in tiny crevices and start decay. But it is quickly emulsified and washed away by Irium—*exclusive to Pepsodent.* No more effective tooth-cleaning substance is known to dental science. You can prove it for yourself! A week's use of Pepsodent toothpaste will give you brighter, whiter teeth, with no germ-sheltering film. *Keep* your teeth film-free. Clean them twice a day, night and morning.

Pepsodent

CONTAINING EXCLUSIVE IRIUM

(PD 130a-814-53)

Have You that

JOYOUS FEELING OF REAL FITNESS?

EVERYTHING is brighter, you feel fitter and more energetic when you enjoy the inner health that comes from taking purely vegetable Bile Beans.

Clinical tests by doctors confirm that Bile Beans promote effective bowel action. This ideal family laxative thoroughly cleanses the system of impurities that cause biliousness, dizziness, depression, sick headaches and other digestive and liver upsets, and which are often the cause of putting on weight.

To be vitally "alive," always feeling and looking at your best, take Bile Beans—just a couple at bedtime.

Nature's Gentle Aid

BILE BEANS

HOLIDAYS in IRELAND!

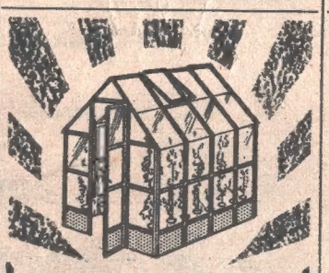
You can still book for Butlin's Holiday Village

Send for booking forms and full details of travel arrangements to Butlin's Ltd. (I.D.), 439 Oxford Street, London, W.1—postcards only, please. Or apply to local agents.

MOSNEY-on-Sea *(near Dublin)*

Mosney offers you all the attractions of a holiday in Ireland — Land of Hospitality and good food *plus* the incomparable Butlin features — comfortable accommodation in ideal surroundings at the edge of the sea, and abundant entertainment, amusement and sport included free in the All-In Tariff.

All-in Tariff from 7 gns. weekly



The Greenhouse that Grows

All steel frames complete with clear glass and putty. Various sizes. Easily erected. Free delivery without delay anywhere in Britain. Moderately priced.

EASY PAYMENT SCHEME

Send for illustrated folder to:—

WARREN PRODUCTS LTD.
(Dept. 53A)
72 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

A Career in the POLICE —a Service to be proud of

★ Free quarters for you and your family (or an allowance in lieu).
★ Free uniform and boots.
★ Training with full pay.
★ 1 rest day in seven; 18 days' annual leave with full pay, plus public holidays.
★ Pay as a Constable £5 . 5 . 0 a week, rising to £6 . 12 . 0 in 10 years.
★ Opportunities for promotion. Highest ranks open to all.
★ Plus the excellent pension scheme with protection for your dependants.

You get all this ★ plus a pension

Call at any Police Station or write to the Home Office (Police Recruiting Dept. W.3), Whitehall, London, S.W.1, for leaflet.

ACT TODAY!

INDIGESTION

JB . . . *cause and remedy*

The food you eat may be divided into three classes, carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated, because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth help to digest bread, pastry and potatoes before they reach the stomach.

Moorland Indigestion Tablets, are famous the world over for relieving indigestion, heartburn, acidity and all stomach troubles. Take two Moorland Tablets after meals and eat what you like and enjoy it. Sold by all chemists, 1/8d., also in 10d. packets (including tax).

HIKERS! CYCLISTS! MOTORISTS! HOLIDAY-MAKERS! COUNTRY-LOVERS!

AMAZING "SEND-NO-MONEY-NOW" OPPORTUNITY!

The BRITISH COUNTRYSIDE Illustrated

NEW! FASCINATING! A book that everyone has long wanted—the beauty, interest and enthralling delights of Britain's Countryside in one compact handy book that you can take with you wherever you go. Just published! 128 pages. Over 130 beautiful photographs, with nearly 20,000 words of explanatory text. Art paper covers printed in two colours. Size 9 in. by 6 in. Yours for the amazing privilege price of only 2s. 6d., which includes postage, packing, insurance, etc. Here's an unforgettable camera tour of Britain—from wild Highland grandeur of crag and loch, past rolling meadows, cornfields and sleepy village lanes, over bridges and curving rivers to dappled orchards, steep Channel cliffs and the snug bays of Devon fisherfolk. A pageant of Britain's exquisitely varied loveliness. **SEND NO MONEY NOW.** Simply post reservation form below with 1d. stamp affixed in 1d. unsealed envelope to: **Odhams Press Ltd., Book Dept. J.S.1, 49 Neal Street, London, W.C.2.** Offer applies only in G.B. and Eire. Applications must be received by June 16th.

OVER 130 beautiful PHOTOS * 128 PAGES

2/6

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

Reserve in my name a copy of "THE BRITISH COUNTRYSIDE ILLUSTRATED," and send by return my Privilege Certificate and Invoice.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

R.O.B. J.S.1. 5/6/48

Simply affix 1d. stamp here to bring Privilege Invoice by return.

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Postage on single copies: Inland 1½d. Canada and Abroad, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 3d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Hercules

The Finest Bicycle Built To-day

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM

MIRRO IS Astounding

Astoundingly efficient — removes every trace of grease from your sink in ten seconds. Mirro makes sinks shine . . . pans gleam . . . faster . . . cleaner, because it is specially blended to dissolve dirty grease. And remember — Mirro can't scratch.

Look for the new red canister

Kills grease in 10 seconds